



VOL. V. NO. 34.

GREENSBORO, N. C., AUGUST 25, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 233

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Water-Lilies.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

I sat in the moonlight,
How soft was its glow,
It fell over the pine trees
And over the snow.
As I thought of the pleasure
I knew long ago,
of the light that reposes
And dazzles and plays
Round the vines and the roses
of happier days
Bore the heart is a pilgrim
In desolate ways.

Back! back to the past
Had my worn spirit gone,
Again did I look
In the brightness of morn,
Again heard the robins
Sing loud on each branch.

And the white water-lilies
Once more rested fair
On the blue, lonely water,
I saw them smile there
As if angels had lifted them
Laden with prayers.

All, all the scene 'round me
That hour I forgot,
The long road unshaded—
The sun moonlit heat—
As I looked on the lilies
That blessed that lone spot.

O, flowers ye faded
Long, long ago,
But ye rise from the dust
And ye charm me so,
From the low chords of memory
Music tones flow!

And I pass through the gate
To that beautiful shore
Where sinless and holy
I see ye as you
As I in the future
May see ye no more.

* Some remarkable oversight in the Editor's stamp, only half of this poem appeared last week.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

AUNT PRUE'S STORY.

BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.

How dearly we school girls, loved Aunt Prue, and what a perfect little paradise we thought that cozy home of hers! It was a low mass-covered dwelling nestled amid tall evergreens and noble maples, and so completely overrun with jasmine and honeysuckles, that the little quiet windows were almost hidden from view; the low roof, too, was draped with beautiful woodbine, and the rude porch festooned with roses.

The little parlor, where every day Aunt Prue sat in her luxuriant rocking chair was a picture of neatness and comfort. The soft, bright carpet and snow-white curtains, the tempting lounges and easy chairs, and above all the china closet through whose half opened door we caught a glimpse of delicate cakes, sweet-meats and ripe fruits prepared for our refreshment, made that cozy little room a charmed spot where we dearly loved to assemble and listen to the pleasing conversation of the kind-hearted spinster, who never seemed so happy as when surrounded by the young and gay.

That Aunt Prue had once been very handsome we all were sure. She still retained her delicate, blooming complexion, and her dark eyes were bright and expressive.

"How strange that she should be an old maid," we said.

"I wonder if she was ever in love," cried pretty Rose Somers. "I've had half a mind to ask her."

"Yes, do, Rose," exclaimed several voices.

"Do you think she will tell us?" asked one laughing.

"O, no doubt of it; I dare say she will consider her experience a warning to us, and therefore we may be better enabled to escape the shoals and quicksands of matrimony wherein so many hopes have been wrecked."

A day or two after this conversation we all found ourselves comfortably seated in Aunt Prue's parlor. The good old lady was industriously knitting, while a smile of genuine pleasure rested upon her face.

"I should be very lonely without the visits of my young friends," she said. "I believe I am not fitted for a solitary life."

"And how did it happen, Aunty, that you were never married?" cried Rose Somers. "I know you must have had a dozen chances; come, dear Aunt Prue, please tell us all about it."

"You saucy little thing," said the old lady, stroking Rose's soft hair, "do you suppose I am going to tell you wild girls, my cherished secrets?"

"But we are all your true friends, Aunty, and we will promise that nobody else shall ever hear a syllable; and besides, maybe it will do us good, you know."

"I hope you will never be as blind and silly as I was once," said Aunt Prue, with a shade of sadness stealing over her face. "I was young and inexperienced so I fell into a great folly; perhaps it will do no harm to tell you, so I think, Miss Rose, I will gratify your curiosity."

"O, thank you, dear Aunt Prue," said Rose, "all the rest are as eager as I am to hear."

Aunt Prue leaned her head upon her hand for a moment, and we thought we saw a tear steal down her cheek, but the next moment the accustomed smile was upon her lip.

"I was born," she said, "in this very cottage. My parents died before my recollection, but their place was well supplied by my worthy grandmother who lavished upon me much affection. She had once moved in a higher sphere of life and was well educated. Having plenty of leisure, she devoted much time to my instruction, and although I never attended school, I acquired as much knowledge as most girls of my age."

"On the morning of my sixteenth birthday, I stood before the mirror engaged in brushing out the curls of my chestnut hair, and for the first time in my life my cheeks glowed with pleasure at the consciousness of my charms.

"Do not think me vain, girls, when I tell you that at the age of sixteen my face and form were beautiful. Long ago every spark of vanity died out in my heart. In honor of my birthday I wore my prettiest dress of white muslin, and among my curls I twined a wreath of delicate rosebuds. My toilet was just completed, when glancing from an open window, I discovered that my pet canary bird had succeeded in pushing open the door of his cage, and was now safely perched upon a rosebush apparently looking at me, as if he would say, 'I am free, and you may catch me again, if you can.'

"I sprang out into the garden to recapture my pretty pet, but with a merry chirp he eluded my grasp and flew a little farther away. Thither I pursued him, and still onward he went, always flying so low that I could easily reach him if he had but given me a chance. But the provoking little creature had no idea of being caught, and led me on, until, out of breath, I paused in a beautiful glen where the noble elms met over my head. My cheeks were glowing with exercise, my curls flaring in wild confusion over my shoulders. Suddenly I was aware of the presence of a tall young man who stood gracefully leaning against a tree. He advanced toward me.

"Are you a mortal or a fairy?" he asked.

"I was just thinking that this sweet spot must be the abode of some lovely sprite."

"I turned to flee, forgetting my bird which was singing in the branches over our heads, but he caught my hand, saying,

"Rest a moment, gentle girl, for such I find you are; you are warm and weary; I will bring you some water from yonder spring."

"Two broad leaves fashioned in the shape of a cup, were soon filled with the cooling beverage and held to my lips.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "I will return now; I see it is useless to try to capture my bird."

"Ah!" he replied, "the songster has indeed escaped; silly thing to leave so fair a mistress."

"Half offended at his flattering words I walked quickly away."

"I had never seen the young stranger before, but rightly conjectured that he was the only son of a wealthy gentleman who had recently purchased a fine estate which lay about a mile distant. After this incident I carefully avoided the glen, but somehow I met the young man almost every time I walked abroad. His manner was entirely changed. He addressed me in a respectful way, and sometimes asked permission to accompany me. At such times his conversation was instructive and agreeable. He was well informed, having traveled much for one so young, and he seemed to take pleasure in describing to me the varied incidents of his life. Lonely and companionless as I had been, it is not strange that I soon felt a deep interest in him, and when at length he told me that he

loved me, I believed his words and gave him all my young heart. It was a sort of wild初恋 with which I regarded this, Frank Elmore—a worship which I should only have given to my Creator."

"My grandmother knew nothing of the affair. Frank never came to the cottage. He said that for certain reasons our love must for a time be kept secret. So we met stealthily, and I silly girl, was very happy. I did not then know his true character—did not know that he, though but a mere youth, was the betrayer of innocence. I did not know that even then he was engaged to be married to another, and the nuptial preparations were already being made. True, I often saw him riding with a richly dressed lady to whom he seemed devoted, but he told me she was his cousin and that I was the only one he loved."

"My parents wish me to marry my cousin," he said, "they would bitterly oppose a union with you, my own Prue, but we will be secretly wedded and when the knot is tied they will relent, and receive you as a daughter; I know they cannot long withstand your beauty and innocence."

"Base flatterer, who was planning my ruin, and I suspected him not. Blinded by my deep love I assented to his plan which was for me to meet him in a grove about a mile distant from my home. A carriage would be waiting to convey us to a neighboring parish where we were to be united."

"At twilight I stole out unperceived by my grandmother and hastened toward the appointed place, but when about half the distance was accomplished, I saw before me sitting under a tree, a woman who was partially insane. Her head was bowed upon her hands and she did not see me. I knew if I passed her, my footsteps would arouse her and she would not fail to follow me, so I resolved to take a circuitous direction."

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youth, but thank God for his preserving care."

"As Aunt Prue concluded her story, she glanced at Rose Somers who was very romantic and who, at that very time, was carrying on a secret correspondence with a gentleman whom she had met but a few times while on a visit to the city. She had then a letter addressed to him in her pocket, but instead of mailing it, the first opportunity she wisely resolved to commit it to the flames.

"If he really cares for me, he will come forward in an honorable manner," thought she, "I will have no more secrecy."

Aunt Prue relapsed into a thoughtful mood as she often did when the events of her early

youth were recalled, and bidding her an affectionate adieu, we separated for our several homes resolved to profit by her advice.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A Test for the Weak.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

More than once per-pulitum strown
Nor perch impellit invictus
Ego tamen timide tempeste-Horace.

A rest for the weary there is in the skies
Where angels upward carry us with love:
Where God calls the holy, the righteous to rise
And join the bright seraphim chorus above.

There's a peaceful shade in Abraham's bosom,
Where pain and suffering cease not pestilence comes
Where many, God's chosen, have found a safe rest,
And now are rejoicing forever in peace.

There's a land beyond the clouds where mortals never tread
A land where the bright, golden light is found:
A home for the righteous—the chosen of God—
A home where the angels of light doth abound.

Oh! I long for that home—that home of the blest,
Far beyond the noise tide of Asaph's dark wave:

Where many bright spirits have gone to the rest,
And triumphed over sin, cold death and the grave.

Press on, happy children, press on to the end,
May the soul of hope ever with you remain—
Remember that—*you are—indeed—eternal*.

And a home in that *medium, eternal, you'll gain*,
Bethel, M.

RELIGIOUS WORLD.

DR. CUMMING ON THE "SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

Dr. Cumming has been stating his opinion at Leeds, respecting the great events which, according to his interpretation of the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, are looming in the future.

He said the year

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

next object in the deliberations of the body. An effort was made to set on foot a plan that would give more efficiency to missionary labors and colportage within their bounds. An Executive Board composed of Messrs. James Poston, Wm. Lea, Az. Graves, J. M. Lindsey, S. A. Powell, T. D. Oldham, and G. W. Thompson, was appointed, and authorized to appoint missionaries and colporters, to receive and disburse funds, &c., and requested to meet at least four times during the year, at such times and places as may be agreed upon by them, and report to the Association.

Other business of much importance was transacted.

The Presbyterian and Methodist churches tendered the use of their houses of worship, which were accepted with pleasure, and a vote of thanks returned by the Association, and also to the citizens of Hillsborough and vicinity for their kindness and hospitality in receiving and entertaining so cordially all the delegates and visitors.

The Association adjourned on Monday, at half-past 2 o'clock, P. M., to meet again on Friday before the second Sunday in August, 1861, with the Friendship Baptist Church, Stokes County.—*Hillsboro Recorder.*

PERVERTS.

The British Standard gives a list of one hundred and twenty-five members of the University of Oxford who have gone over from the Established Church to the Roman Catholic Church. They consist of two archdeacons, eighty-four other clergymen, and thirty-nine laymen.

N. C. CONFERENCE.

This body meets in Salisbury this year, on the 5th day of December. Bishop Payne will preside.

JEWISH DISABILITIES.

The clause in the Constitution of North Carolina, prohibiting Jews from holding office, is a blot upon the good name of the commonwealth and should be rescinded. It is probable that another effort will be made, at the next meeting of the Legislature, to secure its removal. The mode of effecting the object is a matter of indifference to us, but we cannot withhold our approval of the movement and the expression of our hope that it will succeed. As Presbyterians and friends to civil and religious liberty, we regard the clause as odious and intolerant, and shall rejoice to see it expunged from our Constitution.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.

COUNTIES.	1856.		1860.	
	E.	W.	E.	W.
Amenage	916	645	772	812
Alexander	456	413	424	593
Allendale	334	322	325	357
Anson	734	708	289	889
Burke	523	451	604	584
Buncombe	939	788	918	910
Bladen	688	481	670	548
Bertie	479	245	562	379
Beshears	579	833	626	1110
Bethel	446	416	424	527
Blermaline	426	665	424	577
Catawba	988	158	960	445
Craven	784	658	803	837
Cumberland	1575	928	1023	801
Chowan	261	238	305	278
Colombus	589	306	718	450
Concord	107	474	96	511
Carteret	433	502	481	561
Caswell	573	573	581	581
Cassville	124	211	94	221
Chatham	1101	1862	1235	1155
Caldwell	428	425	376	543
Carrick	556	146	761	219
Cleveland	1199	158	928	418
Davison	823	119	972	188
Davis	333	386	481	690
Duplin	1113	155	1298	197
Edgecombe	1129	159	1412	125
Forsyth	1080	926	1015	1082
Franklin	744	334	803	803
Gaston	739	133	802	299
Granville	1225	991	1143	978
Guildford	571	269	457	217
Greene	462	288	421	343
Gates	459	302	431	311
Gateswood	362	334	577	568
Hanover	125	229	629	260
Hertford	736	554	778	525
Hertford	123	203	355	359
Hertford	232	501	600	25
Henderson	695	647	586	828
Iredell	551	1319	382	1716
Jackson	510	112	598	161
Jones	261	180	255	235
Judson	106	817	1134	745
Kingsbury	141	255	155	239
Lincoln	614	227	559	245
Madison	576	247	595	235
Martin	705	340	745	369
McDowell	506	305	567	502
Moore	733	607	749	823
Montgomery	211	725	171	197
Morgan	657	396	429	436
Moultrieburg	126	123	105	122
New Hanover	1222	579	1329	736
Northampton	695	428	779	631
Ondoway	711	108	841	133
Oncor	1110	1645	1109	1218
Pasquotank	339	502	369	521
Pembroke	314	318	295	412
Pitt	715	715	771	771
Polk	675	579	1042	599
Robeson	700	398	813	579
Rutherford	105	757	809	1065
Tyrrell	124	566	213	289
Union	825	273	901	425
Wake	1093	1124	1061	1173
Warren	819	101	874	136
Washington	291	577	512	461
Wayne	1322	271	1297	289
Wilkes	699	1264	614	1413
Wilson	—	—	519	113
Yadkin	633	888	724	893
Yancey	810	323	774	474
Total	67,555	44,931	58,475	52,231
Bragg's majority	12,504	Ellis' maj. 6,311		

POISON.

To prevent the constantly recurring cases of poisoning by mistake, it has been suggested that arsenic and other poisons be put by drugists in red paper and marked with the skull and crossbones, as is done in some parts of Europe, and that in fluid poisons the same symbols should be put on the bottles. This the most illiterate could understand.

Legislature of N. C. 1860-'61.
SENATE

Pasquotank and Perquimans—J. M. Whedbee, Whig.
Camden and Currituck—B. F. Simmons, Democrat.
Gates and Chowan—M. L. Eure, Whig.
Hyde and Tyrrell—Jones Spencer, Whig.
Northampton—J. M. S. Rogers, Democrat.
Hertford—J. B. Slaughter, whig.
Bertie—David Outlaw, anti-ad val. whig.
Martin and Washington—J. R. Stubbs, whig.
Halifax—C. M. Whitaker, democrat.
Edgecombe and Wilson—H. T. Clark, democrat.
Pitt—E. J. Blount, whig.
Beaufort—Frederick Grist, whig.
Craven—H. H. Street, democrat.
Carteret and Jones—I. M. F. Arendell, whig.
Greene and Lenoir—J. P. Speight, democrat.
New Hanover—Eli W. Hall, democrat.
Duplin—Dr. James Dickson, democrat.
Onslow—L. W. Humphrey, democrat.
Bladen, Brunswick, &c.—John D. Taylor, democrat.
Warren—T. J. Pitchford, democrat.
Granville—C. H. K. Taylor, democrat.
Person—C. B. Winstead, democrat.
Orange—Josiah Turner, Jr., whig.
Alamance and Randolph—Jona Worth, whig.
Chatham—W. S. Harris, democrat.
More and Montgomery—W. D. Dowd, whig.
Richmond and Robeson—Alfred Dockery, whig.
Anson and Union—S. H. Walkup, whig.
Guilford—John M. Morehead, whig.
Caswell—Bedford Brown, democrat.
Rockingham—F. L. Simpson, democrat.
McKinniburg—John Walker, democrat.
Cabarrus and Stanly—V. C. Barringer, whig.
Rowan and Davie—Dr. J. G. Ramsey, whig.
Davidson—Jno W. Thomas, Ind. whig.
Stokes and Forsyth—Jesse A. Waugh, democrat.
Ashe, Surry, &c.—Jos. Dobson, democrat.
Iredell, Wilkes, &c.—L. Q. Sharpe, whig.
Burke, McDowell, &c.—W. W. Avery, democrat.
Lincoln, Gaston and Catawba—Jasper Stowe, democrat.
Rutherford, Polk, &c.—A. W. Burton, democrat.
Buncombe, Henderson, &c.—Marcus Erwin, democrat.
Haywood, Macon, &c.—W. H. Thomas, democrat.
Democrats 31; Whigs 19; democratic majority 12.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Alamance—Giles Mehane, whig, John Tabbert, democrat.
Alexander—Dr. J. M. Carson, whig.
Anson—L. L. Polk, E. R. Liles, whigs.
Ashe—T. N. Crumpler, whig.
Burke—J. H. Pearson, democrat.
Buncombe—A. S. Merrimon, whig.
Bladen—C. T. Davis, democrat.
Bertie—P. T. Henry, whig, John Ferguson, democrat.
Beaufort—R. S. Donnell, W. T. Marsh, whigs.
Brunswick—T. D. Meares, whig.
Caldwell—Dickson, whig.
Carteret—W. S. Harris, whig.
Catawba—Jones Cline, democrat.
Clayton—W. P. Taylor, R. N. Green, whigs.
Turner Byrum, democrat.
Cherokee—G. W. Hayes, whig.
Craven—C. C. Clark, F. E. Alfred, whigs.
Cumberland and Harnett—C. G. Wright, J. S. Harrington, J. C. Williams, democrats.
Chowan—Small, democrat.
Columbus—N. L. Williamson, democrat.
Cumberland—D. D. Ferebee, whig.
Carteret—D. W. Whitehurst, whig.
Caspell—John Kerr, S. P. Hill, democrats.
Currituck—B. M. Baxter, democrat.
Cleveland—A. G. Waters, J. R. Logan, democrat.
Davidson—Lewis Haynes, E. B. Clark, whigs.
Davie—Howard, whig.
Duplin—J. D. Standford, J. G. Branch, democrat.
Edgecombe—R. R. Bridgers, J. S. Woodard, democrat.
Forsyth—J. F. Poinexter, whig, Philip Barlow, democrat.
Franklin—W. F. Green, democrat.
Gaston—J. L. White, democrat.
Granville—J. M. Bullock, W. H. Jenkins, S. H. Canaday, democrats.
Guilford—C. P. Mendenhall, C. E. Shober, J. L. Gorrell, whigs.
Greene—A. D. Speight, democrat.
Gates—John Booth, whig.
Haywood—S. L. Love, democrat.
Halifax—A. H. Davis, W. B. Pope, democrats.
Hertford—J. J. Yates, whig.
Henderson—Jos. P. Jordan, whig.
Hyde—Tilman Farrow, whig.
Iredell—A. K. Simonton, A. B. F. Gaither, whigs.
Jackson—J. R. Love, democrat.
Jones—W. P. Ward, democrat.
Johnston—W. H. Watson, Jas. Mitchener, democrat.

Mecklenburg—S. W. Davis, J. M. Potts, democrat.
Nash—H. G. Williams, democrat.
New Hanover—S. J. Person, Daniel Shaw, democrat.
Northampton—M. W. Ransom, W. W. Peebles, democrat.
Onslow—J. H. Foy, democrat.
Orange—H. B. Guthrie, W. N. Patterson, whigs.
Pasquotank—J. T. Williams, whig.
Perquimans—N. Newby, whig.
Pitt—B. G. Albritton, Churchill Perkins, whigs.
Person—J. D. Wilkerson, democrat.
Robeson—Alex McMillan, Eli Wishart, democrat.
Rockingham—Rawley Galloway & Thos. Slagle, democrats.
Rowan—N. N. Fleming, N. F. Hall, democrats.
Rutherford—C. T. Davis, whig, B. H. Padgett, democrat.
Randolph—I. H. Foust, Thos. S. Winslowe, whigs.
Richmond—J. G. Blue, whig.
Sampson—N. C. Faision, Geo. W. Autrey, democrat.
Surry—W. Waugh, democrat.
Stokes—Horatio Kallum, democrat.
Stanly—Lafayette Greene, whig.
Tyrell—C. Q. McLeese, whig.
Union—C. Q. Lemmons, democrat.
Wake—S. H. Rogers, J. P. H. Russ, whigs, H. Mordecai, democrat.
Warren—J. Batchelor, W. H. Cheek, democrat.
Washington—C. Lantham, whig.
Watauga—George N. Folk, whig.
Wayne—W. T. Dorch, M. K. Crawford, democrats.
Wilkes—A. W. Martin, Horton, whigs.
Yadkin—A. C. Cowles, whig.
Yancey—J. W. Bowman, democrat.
Democrats 65; Whigs 55; democratic majority 10.

Democratic majority on joint ballot 22.
Some of the paper have put down Bowmen the Commoner from Yancey, as a whig, but the Asheville News says he is a democrat.

The new Crusade.

More than seven centuries and a half have elapsed since Peter the Hermit roused all Europe to arms to deliver the Holy Places at Jerusalem from the sacrilegious hands of the Mohammedans. He went to Syria for the purpose of enabling himself to testify to the truth of the tales told by the thousands of Christian pilgrims who visited that unhappy land about the cruelties inflicted on them by the ruthless Turks. The report he brought back, and the eloquence with which he depicted the sufferings of Christians, produced the greatest "revival" the world has ever seen. Pope Urban II, in a frenzy of excitement, commissioned him to go through Europe, calling upon king and peasant, noble and tradesman, to quit their callings, and fastening on their breasts the symbol of the Cross, sally forth to encounter the innumerable hosts of "Mahound and Temagant." The call was eagerly responded to by the piety and the superstition, the ignorance and the love of adventure, of the age. It was the cause of Christ and his church that the mailed warriors of the first Crusade espoused. The cause of humanity was unknown to them. They were too much familiarized with bloodshed and violence to perceive that the human race has rights, which appertain to it throughout the world. We are all familiar with the Crusades. For nearly one hundred and eighty years the fever raged more or less strongly in Europe, but it was cooled down at last, when Edward I. of England concluded the truce with Balaars the Mameluke Sultan of Egypt, whereby the Christian king admitted himself to have been vanquished, and surrendered to his adversary the remnant of the strongholds of the Crusaders in Palestine. Five hundred and eighty-eight years have elapsed since that truce was signed, and during that time Syria has remained in the undisputed possession of the Mohammedans. All travelers concur in depicting its desolation under the blighting rule of the Turks. But the long night of despair has come to an end, and the day of regeneration is dawning through mists of blood. Europe, roused to indignation by scenes which have taken place in the Lebanon, is organizing a new crusade. The press is the Peter the Hermit of modern times. It needs not the eloquence of an Urban or of a Bernard of Clairvaux now a days to stir men up to glorious deeds. In less time than it took those Apostles of the Crusade to tell their simple story of the fanaticism of the Holy Sepulchre, the electric telegraph flashes the tidings of Turkish atrocities not only to England and France, but to the remote parts of this continent and of Russia—portions of the globe which they dreamed not of. And no less time than it took to marshal the vast hosts which followed the standards of Godfrey de Bouillon, of Bohemond and Tancred, will a force, organized and armed in a manner would have scattered that host like chaff, be landed in Syria and in possession of the "Holy Places."

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

3

Times' Correspondence.

Our trip to Orient—What we saw, heard and so forth—A distinguished person.

Regarded Times: Here we come, with our "budget," in hopes to interest the readers of the "Times."

We left our quiet domicile, on the ninth, and wended our way slowly to pier 32 James Slip, where we found the admirable steamer "Massachusetts" ready to puff steam, and be off.

Injustice to Captain and Clerk, it is well that we speak here of the courtesy and attention shown us by those brave gentlemen; and dear Southern friends, should you come North, and desire a pleasant sail, we would advise you to throw yourselves under the protection of the courteous Captain Havens—for really he is a gentleman worthy of your patronage.

A delicious breeze was blowing from the south-west, when we set sail—and our sail up the East River and around Montauk Point, and along the sound, was grand! Grand because, of the sunlight, and fresh air, and the merry scenic beauties, that met our sight on every hand. Long Island shore is dotted with some of the most beautiful country villas that can be found anywhere. In imagination we could think of nothing else but the original paradise allotted to Mother Eve, and only wished that that rampant spirit curiosity had lain dormant till now. With our usual disposition to soar aloft, we sought the Hurricane Deck, and on reaching that stand point, we were a little surprised to find the speed of the boat decreasing, and a general stir demonstrate among all on board.

Even then we had to probe deeper, for one of the "lords of creation" had discovered he was not on "terra firma" but actually sailing up the river. In fact he was a little "bunny," and wished to be set on his native soil, thus the decrease of speed and a final dead halt in the progress of our sail.

We went prowling around to see what was to be seen. A distinguished passenger, "Our own Artist"—Tom Nast—by the way a very agreeable fellow was taking items, sketches, &c. &c. for "Frank Leslie's" Paper. Good humor prevailed on board—laughing and joking seemed to be the order of the night—all went as merry as a marriage bell. At the noon of night, fair Luna shone forth in all her glory! her silvery rays kissed the waters in very love, and the moon presented a more glorious (?) appearance. Lovely nature glowed with the beauty of her own loveliness.

As the marble is brought to life by the sculptor's hand, so the Infinite breathes through the soul, the beauties of His immaculate conception.

After nine hours' sail, Orient, with its fine sea beach, piscatorial sports, &c., &c., meet our view, Orient Point, with its long pier extending over the beach, far into the water. Broad fields of waving corn and clover blossom met our view, right and left—thence we proceeded through a narrow lane to the "Orient Point House," which stands upon level ground, forming a beautiful lawn, shaded by some old trees, which look as though they had done service for many, very many years.

One broad expanse of waters surrounds this lovely spot. In fact it seems a star, dropped from the ethereal firmament, in the ocean of waters, just the place for the "Literati."

The red, white and blue waves in graceful magnificence, over this delectable mansion, and the host, a jovial old gentleman, who has been in the public service for the last twenty years, is well adapted to this line of business, pleased with everybody, and "vice versa."

Here is his card—"Orient Point House, Oyster Point Point, L. I., is now open for the reception of guests. T. T. Parsons, prop.—A splendid place for bathing, boating and fishing."

Many of the Long Robe were among the guests. No particular "notoriety" was discernible, although some were expected. However we will not remain to see them "lionized."

Not wishing to weary your longer, kind friends, with our correspondence, we will withdraw, asking mercy.

KATE J. BOYD.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A POWERFUL AURORA.

We understand that for two hours on Wednesday morning, the "aurora," as it is called when seen at night, powerfully affected the wires of the American Telegraph Company.—

The heavenly current was first noticed at about 9 A. M., and its action was of a decidedly erratic character.

At one time it would reverse the effect of the battery, and then again

would act with it. A test, by means of a galvanometer, showed in one instance that the pole of every battery was reversed. We learn from New York that the same effect upon the wires was noticed there and also at Springfield.

AN ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Commander Murry has addressed a letter to Lord Wrottesley, which was read at the recent meeting of the British Association at Oxford, in which he proposes an expedition to start from Melbourne, for the purpose of investigating the continent surrounding the South Pole. He thinks the circumstances which favor the existence of an open sea at the North Pole, are not so strong and direct as the proofs and indications of a mild polar climate in the Antarctic regions. He promises to do all in his power to promote the sailing of a South Polar exploring expedition from the United States.

Mrs. Holt wife of Post-Master General, died at Washington on 15th instant.

AN INTERESTING RELIC OF THE HERO OF THE HERMITAGE.

We were shown yesterday the hat worn by General Jackson on the occasion of his inauguration as President of the United States for a second term. The hat is in an excellent state of preservation, and though in its style forcibly reminding us of its distinguished wearer, it would hardly pass for fashionable. It is white, very broad brimmed, and has a wide lace on it. The tip bears the imprint of the maker, "Orlanlo Fisk, Broadway, 137, New York—manufactured for his excellency, Gen. Andrew Jackson."—*Nashville Banner.*

WALKER IN NICARAGUA.

A letter in the *Herald*, from Belize, gives some information of Walker's movements. He is reported to have gone to Swan Island. Part of the cargo of the schooner Clifton, supposed to be connected with the expedition, had been seized by the British authorities at Belize, to whom the vessel was afterward surrendered by her captain. Walker was reported to be preparing for a descent on Costa Rica or Nicaragua.

DEATH OF MISS VANDENHOFF, THE ACTRESS.

Miss Vandenhoff, (Mrs. Swinbourne,) the daughter of Vandenhoff, the tragedian, and herself an eminent actress, died recently in Birmingham, England. She was born in 1815. A Liverpool paper thus speaks of her: "About three years ago she married Mr. Swinbourne, an actor of some repute, but the union, we fear, was not a happy one. Our readers need not be told that the deceased was an accomplished and beautiful creature, full of genius and fine feeling, and that she was as good as she was fair. In the classical drama she had no equal, for in her face was realized the dreams of Grecian artists. She was, we believe, an only daughter, and doted on by her afflicted father."

DIAMONDS IN AUSTRALIA.

An interesting discovery, namely, the existence of native diamonds, has been made in Australia. The stone was discovered in the black sand of the Green district by an Irish miner. Rubies, and other gems, of very small size, had previously been found in the same deposit.

MELTING CHURCH BELLS INTO CANNON.

A Palermo letter of the 24th ult., says: "The plan ordered by Garibaldi, of melting down the church bells to make cannon, continued in active operation. Every one of the churches is to supply at least one bell, and these edifices in Palermo are very numerous. I this morning, saw twenty-five or thirty of these bells lying in the court-yard of the University, which serves as a barrack, and also seven pieces of cannon and a large pile of balls."

VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN ICELAND.

Accounts from Iceland give an account of an eruption—after thirty-nine years' repose—of the volcano called the Rotugia, of the Myrdalsjokel Mountains. On the 7th May several shocks of earthquake were experienced in the Parish of Myrdal, in which the volcano is situated, and the day after enormous volume of water was cast up from the crater. Mixed with the water were large quantities of cinders and the eruption was accompanied by a subterranean noise. On the 11th and 12th smoke, cinders, and balls of fire were thrown up.—

The smoke rose to such a height that it could be seen at the Reikjavig, though at a distance of more than twenty-two miles, and though mountains five thousand feet high rise between the two places. The eruption continued, with intervals more or less long, to the 26th, but fortunately, it did no harm to places in the vicinity, the cinders and other things it threw up being carried as far as Bergen, in Norway. Another, on the 18th October, 1755, caused devastations in five Parishes. It preceded by a fortnight the earthquake at Lisbon.

BIRD SHOW.

A great Bird Show is announced for the 28th, in New York, under the direction of the American Institute. Among the premiums offered, which are liberal and varied, we regret to see the following:

For the best collection of living Insectivorous Birds properly named—large Silver Medal.

For the best collection of prepared Insectivorous Birds, properly named—Silver Medal.

A BODY FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

The body of Mr. W. R. Crocker, of Norwich, Ct., was recovered from the wreck of the ill-fated Hungarian steamship on last Thursday. Papers of some value, by which the body was identified, and some money, were found in the pockets.

RATHER TAUGHT SNAKE-Y.

A citizen of this vicinity tells the following. A snake having swallowed an egg, crawled along over the nest, but not finding sated, returned to indulge a little further. In his gyrations, however, he passed his head and a portion of his body through a jug handle. This movement brought his head in immediate proximity to the nest, when he forthwith gulped down another egg. Now with an egg on each side of the jug handle, his snakeship could escape neither backward nor forward, but was held in "durance vile" until dispatched.—*Union Springs Journal.*

DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

TORONTO, August 13.—While workmen were making excavations to-day near the old Fort in this place, they discovered the remains of fifteen bodies of British and American soldiers who fell in the war of 1812. Several buttons, bayonets and epaulets were also found.—One had the initials of the Pennsylvania Rangers on it; another is marked "U. S." and another "18th British Grenadiers." A few American coins were also found. From the position of the bodies, it is evident that they were buried in a trench near where they fell. General Pike and two hundred Americans and a number of British were killed near this spot in 1813 by the explosion of a powder magazine.

GARIBALDI AN IRISHMAN.

Garibaldi's name has given rise to some amusing philological speculations. An Irish enthusiast declares that the liberator of Palermo is the son of an Irish priest, and that his real name is Garry Baldwin which the Italians have corrupted into Garibaldi. There is a square in Genoa, however, which for a hundred years has been known as the Piazza Garibaldi, because the family house was situated there. Then there was once a king Garibaldi who was crowned with the iron crown at Monza. In the Lombardic language the word means "bold in war"—and Garibaldi by his bravery at Rome, Montevideo, Palermo and Verona proves his right to his name.

DEATH OF THE NEAREST MALE RELATIVE OF AARON BURR.

The Saratoga *News* has the following obituary announcement:

Mr. Charles Burr died at his residence in this village on Tuesday evening. The inheritor of wealth, he was of an eccentric disposition, and for years preferred a committee appointed by the courts to take charge of his wealth. Generous and upright, he was generally respected. His age was about 70 years.

The Albany *Express* adds:

"Charley Burr," as he was familiarly called resided in Albany for many years, and was in very indigent circumstances, boarding with a poor woman who, we believe, resided in Canal street, his father paying his board—two dollars a week—when at the same time his father was estimated to be worth a quarter of a million. "Poor old Charley" used to peddle almanacs, pamphlets, &c., around our streets. Many a time and oft have we seen him trudging along, through sleet and snow, with that old "white coat," and with shoes minus half their soles, and his toes protruding.—His father died at Sandy Hill in 1853, without making his will, consequently Charles his son and heir, became possessor of the vast fortune. He married a widow Beach, daughter of the late Senator Young. Since his marriage, Mr. Burr has resided in his splendid mansion at Saratoga Springs. As Mr. Burr has no children we suppose his immense property will go to his widow who is yet young and blooming, and with amiable and kind hearted.

A FIENDISH OUTRAGE.

We have rarely heard of a more diabolical and fiendish outrage than the one perpetrated yesterday, eight miles above this place, and two miles above Russellville, in Hawkins county. It seems that a man, or rather a demon, by the name of Joshua Ballard, armed himself with a scythe blade, and started from his home with the intention of murdering some person. The first man he encountered was a Mr. Bewley; but it appears that Bewley escaped without material injury. He then went to the house of a Mr. Horner, and told him he intended to kill him, and commenced cutting him with his scythe blade. Horner received eight severe wounds upon the head and other parts of his person. We are informed he cannot possibly survive. Ballard then went to the house of a Mrs. Robinson; she saw him coming and closed the door. Ballard, however, broke the door down, went in, hauled her from under the bed, and inflicted several severe wounds; she by some means escaped from him. Not yet satisfied, he commenced upon two of her children, inflicting several gashes upon their bodies. By this time several of the neighbors had collected to take him; but Ballard swore he would not be taken, and started in a run for his home. He was hotly pursued, however, and barely reached his house and secured himself in his cabin lot, when he was fired upon through the cracks between the logs. There was a bag of cotton in his loft, which he used to screen himself from the bullets, and our informant, a gentleman of veracity, says that some seventy-five shots were fired, before he was killed. He stood and cursed his pursuers till he fell dead. His mother also stood in the yard during the time, swearing she would send the whole party to hell before she was done with them.

It appears that Ballard was a desperate character—addicted to strong drink and all kinds of dissipation. He was the champion of the neighborhood and most men were afraid to encounter him single-handed. We saw him engaged in a row with the Irish in this place, some five years ago, and he made a party of about twenty leave the street. We are opposed to lynch law, but in this case there was, it seems, no other alternative.—*Morris town (Tenn.) Intelligencer.*

MURFREESBORO CITIZEN FOR SALE.

Mr. C. H. Foster, proprietor, contemplating a change in Business, offers for sale the Type, Fixtures, &c., and good will of the Citizen.

OUTBREAK AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The animosity which incited the recent horrible massacres of Christians in Syria has also been exhibited in Constantinople. A great disturbance took place July 13th, between the Moslem and Christian Armenians, which exhibited the temper of the Mohammedan population, and at the same time showed the instability and inefficiency of the Government.

A Christian Armenian having died, his friends attempted to bury the body in the burying-ground where they had a legalized right, but were prevented by a mob of Mohammedan Armenians.

The Christians appealed to the Armenian Patriarch, who sent an order, with a police force, to permit the burial; but the mob still refused.

Night came on and interrupted the proceedings.

On Sunday and Monday the Sultan was appealed to, and finally decided in favor of the Christians, and dispatched a military force to protect them in the burial.

On Tuesday the Patriarch went over to the side of the mob, and the Sultan, becoming frightened,

revoked his order.

The English and American ministers then had an interview with the Sultan, and constrained him to do justice to the Christians.

So on Tuesday the military were sent and cleared the ground.

On Wednesday the burial was to take place, and several thousand troops were present, and after a conflict with the mob the grave was dug, and the body ordered to be put in.

The mob now became furious and endeavored to press forward to the spot.

At this juncture the commander's courage seemed to fail him, and he ordered the grave to be filled up and another to be dug in the middle of a neighboring carriage road.

In this most dishonorable place the Protestants, as previously advised by the ambassadors and missionaries, refused to bury their dead.

The commander would not yield, and the Protestants retired, leaving the body in the hands of the Turks.

By this time it was buried in the street, after which the immense mob was allowed to rush over the grave, each one trampling and spitting upon it.

After this, by way of palliating his disgraceful conduct, the commander ordered that the road should be turned aside and obliterated and a space enclosed around the grave.

This was done, and it has ever since been guarded by a company of soldiers.

The correspondent of the New York *World*, who furnishes these particulars, says:

The excuse which the government offers for this conduct is that this mob really has nothing to do with Protestantism, but was got up under Russian influence for the purpose of bringing about a collision between the Turkish soldiers and the Christian population of the city. They say, we know that if the soldiers had been allowed to fire upon this mob an immediate insurrection would have broken out all over the city.

STEAMER IN COLLISION WITH A WHALE.

On last Monday forenoon, as the St. John Steamer, Eastern City was on her passage from this city to Portland, she ran upon a whale, knocking off her forefoot, and causing a slight leak.

At that time the vessel was about ten miles N. E. of Thatcher's Island, and was going at her usual speed.

A school of five whales were in sight, playing about, when suddenly one of them rose just forward of the bows, and was struck on the side, about two-thirds of the way back from the head, causing quite a shock to the vessel.

The whale dove instantly, and not being seen again, was supposed to be killed.

It was a large whale, judged by those who saw it to be seventy-five feet long.

A few minutes after another whale was seen coming towards the ship at great speed, and it was expected that the creature would attack the steamer, but at two lengths distance it suddenly "dove" and disappeared.

Boston Traveler.

ARKANSAS ELECTION.

New York, Aug. 17.—Dispatches from Arkansas assert the election of Rector, the independent candidate for Governor.

He was 2,765 ahead of Johnson, the regular democratic candidate, with eighteen counties to hear from.

Hindman and Grant, democrats, are elected to Congress from the first and second districts.

THE GREAT ELEVATOR.

A Southern gentleman at a hotel in Ohio,

the other day gave a negro waiter a dollar,

which the darky thus acknowledged:

"Thank

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N.C.

Saturday.....August 25, 1860.

C. C. COLE,¹ Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

L. W. COTTRELL, D.D.	GEO. W. COFFMAN,
W. M. HUNTER	H. G. STAPLES,
J. STANTON HOLLOWAY,	STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Mrs. H. SHEDDEN,	PHILIP V. JONES,
S. J. C. WHITELSEY,	JOHN T. SCHUYLER,
MARY W. JASPERIN,	FINLEY JOHNSON,
C. H. HARRIS, M.D.	LOTTIE LINWOOD,
TINA CLAYTON,	ELIZABETH LIND,
C. H. DUNN,	A. C. C. SPERRY,
ANN M. GATES,	Mrs. B. VERNON,
GUY L. HAWKINS,	PAUL RICHARDSON,
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	W. W. LAWRENCE,
ED. STE. GEORGE COOKE,	Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS,	JULIA SOUTHALL,
GRATIOT J. MORRIS,	Mrs. C. FITZ GERALD,
and others.	and others.

Wants a Buyer.

The New York *Herald* is an original sheet. The man who reads its editorials to-day, should be shy how he quotes them to-morrow. Their sentiment turns changes and twists around as constantly and as uncertainly, as the weather-cock upon the steeple. It requires no very deep sounding to see that its proprietor, from the energy with which he cries his wares, is exceedingly anxious to receive a bid from somebody, or some party, and we would judge he is not very scrupulous as to whom, or what party, the hammer may knock him down. It is very evident that the *Herald* monopolizes the Republican interests, and that there is no chance for the *Herald* in that party, as in 1856; therefore, its editor has become remarkably conservative and solicitous for the good of the Union, and deprecates in the strongest terms the ruinous consequences of a sectional success. But there are three or four candidates in the field, after leaving out Lincoln, and to which of these shall he be joined? Friends of Breckinridge, Bell, Douglas, Houston, or any other man, show your parses, measure your silver, Lincoln must be beaten, and every Union loving, conservative man must unite upon the most available (the most moneyed) man in the field to do it. Hear the *Herald* man:

"Mr Breckinridge, come forward; you can get every Southern vote; it is impossible for Bell to carry a single state in the Union, not even his own—Tennessee. I can cry union and availability to the Northern states; insist on concert of action between the Douglass and Breckinridge men and elect you, or at worst throw you into the House for another chance. All is silent. Ah! I am sorry you have so little appreciation of my ability, you are too young and contrasted in your views of things any how, to be President of this great and glorious Union—stand aside."

"It is a pity! This new Union party has no strength; the Democratic party is split as wide open as Abe Lincoln could split a nail-cut, and it is just as impossible to unite them again. Now is your chance gentlemen, you independent men, who deny allegiance to conventions, come forward, and while these angry contestants are fighting over the prize, I will quietly seat you in the White House. Is it possible no man can be induced to come forward and accept of a seat in the White House upon the terms I so graciously offer? I only ask the insignificant sum of \$100,000, for which I promise to place into your hands 160,000,000. Stupid fellows, you cannot appreciate the power behind the throne, and were I to elect you to the chief magistracy of this great and glorious Union, you would never have the magnanimity of soul to thank me. Stand aside."

"Well, after all, it is but human to err, and I have been mistaken as to the strength of this Union conservative party, this Bell and Everett ticket. Hurra for Bell and Everett, this is the only ticket that can beat Lincoln and whip out the Republicans. Hurra for Bell and Everett! Zounds, went nobody cry hurra for Bell and Everett? Come, gentlemen, give me a bid, the *New York Herald* and "Jones' Gordon Bennett" editor and proprietor," are up for the highest bidder."

"Who bids, who bids, who bids me?"

"I'm going, going, going—just not gone!"

The Aurora.

This beautiful Southern Literary Magazine, now under the control of H. B. Folk & Co., of Memphis, Tenn., is very much improved and makes a very formidable rival of the many Northern magazines which have been so strongly ingratiated into our homes. This monthly certainly deserves the patronage of the South, and we are pleased to learn that it is receiving a very respectable support. The August number contains a very neat fashion plate—engraved expressly for the Aurora. It contains 64 pages of reading matter, and is published at \$2. a year. As it is designed especially for ladies, we hope our Southern readers will try it for one year, at least.

Self Control.

One of the most fruitful sources of human misery is the want of self control.

In the pilgrimage of life we meet with much to ruffle our feelings and sour our dispositions. And unless we keep our temper with all diligence, we may expect to fret away all of our life's joys. See that dark, murky stream of personal bitterness rolling between two men once the closest friends—see that noble form writhing in blood on the field of honor, that promising youth, the pride of a doting mother and the crowning glory of a hopeful father—see that demon of discord perched upon the family altar, where once an Elm of peace, smiling hope and bright-eyed joy bloomed—see that ho'ly sanctuary of God filled with stormy wrath, where once the Prince of peace clasped fraternal hearts in the bonds of unity. What malignant spirit has scattered this ruin? An unbridled temper.

It is no excuse for a man to say, that his temper is naturally hasty and quick. That is the reason he should govern it more rigidly. It is the high spirited horse, that needs the rein and bit. The sweeping, tumbling, rushing torrent needs high embankments to keep its waters from spreading devastation over the cultivated fields of life. A spirited temper like fire, is a good servant but a bad master; valuable if kept on the hearth of self-control, but destructive when it mounts up to the roof of uncontrolled passion. Blowing anger is momentary insanity. It dethrones reason and leaves man but a furious madman with a sword slaying the dearest interest of life. Most sins are of slow growth. Being feeble for a long while, may be restrained in due time. But anger like Minerva from Jupiter's head, springs out of the uncontrolled spirit in the full strength of an armed giant, and hurries its possessor on to the desperation of irreparable mischief. In a fit of anger, Alexander slew his friend Clitus. This hasty murder drove the iron of intolerable remorse deeper in the soul of the great conqueror than any deed he ever did. He lay speechless and inconsolable for days. The glory of man is a perfect self-control. Many amass riches, many wreath their brow with literary garlands, many soar high upon the wing of victory, but how few arise to the moral glory, Self-government. To be calm in the midst of tumult, to keep cool when suffering provocation, to repress angry feelings, when they would rush out as the unchained winds from the open caves of Helas, is a truer glory than that of winning victories upon the bloody field of Mars. "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Such victories are not dyed with the blood of the slain, nor bedewed with the tears of orphanage. When a man controls himself, he gains two conquests, one over himself and another over his antagonist. The soft answer of self-control turns away the wrath of the opponent.

Such a man carries about him a pleasant atmosphere of kindness, and the radiance of his happy influence hangs over the dark storm of unfeigned anger as a sign of that self-controlling power, which contributes more to human happiness than wealth, crown, or brilliancy of genius.

BLOWN ON TIME.

Mons. Blondin, the celebrated tight-rope performer, met with a serious accident a few nights ago during his exhibition at Clifton, Ohio. The *Cincinnati Gazette* says:

After dusk he gave a performance of trundling a wheelbarrow across a rope, and to make the feat more terrific, he encircled himself in a blare of fire works, which were ignited simultaneously with his starting. Before he had accomplished half his task, one of the pieces prematurely exploded and set fire to his clothing. The peril of his situation could not be seen by the thousands of spectators below, in consequence of the continued emission of sparks, and the adventurous Blondin had nothing to do but walk the rope and suffer the torture of being slowly roasted. Having accomplished the distance, he, by his own efforts, succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but not before his back was very badly burned.

The rope was stretched across the street at a distance of 75 feet from the ground, and none save Blondin could have withstand the pain he must have suffered. We are inclined to the opinion that the Mons. will not attempt any more tight-rope performances with pyrotechnic accompaniments. It is very well to hazard the surging waves of Niagara, in hand buckets, coffee sacks, &c., but stranded in a sheet of flame, with a chance of burning to death, added to that of falling, snatches little too much of the dangers to be much relished even by the intrepid Blondin.

REQUEST TO THE CHILDREN OF SOUTHERN BROTHERS.

By the death last week of the mother of Judge Douglas' first wife, who was a Miss Martin, of North Carolina, his two boys, his only children, came into possession of a large fortune. The Judge has been sent for by his connections in North Carolina, and after his New England tour will probably visit the old North State.

A little son of Thomas Lindsey, of Lincoln, Illinois, lost his life last week by standing too long on his head. He stood on his head about five minutes. After gaining his feet he immediately ran home, complaining that his head hurt him, and in a few hours expired, the blood rushing to his head, causing apoplexy.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of Recent American Publications.

THE SUNNY SOUTH; OR, THE SOUTHERN HOME; tracing five years' experience of a Northern dweller in the land of the Sugar and the Cotton. Edited by Prof. J. H. Ingram, of Mississippi. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

A brief allusion was made to this work last week, but as it has been received, examined and admired, we can not refrain from devoting our whole space to its merits this week. It is neatly gotten up, as are all of Mr. Evans' publications, and makes a neat volume of over five hundred pages. The editor of the book says: "In consenting to command it to your attention, I feel that I am contributing towards the publication of a work which will render more familiar 'Southern life at home' to Northern minds, while its scenes, incidents, and characters will agreeably interest the reader." The whole book is a series of letters, written several years ago, without reference to any of the slanders or misrepresentations of the South. We always read a book of this kind to see how many objections we can find, and how many suggestions of improvement we could make; but we are free to confess this is as near a book of epistolary correspondence ought to be as any we ever examined.

In the preface the author says:

"The object of this work is to do justice to the Southern planter, and, at the same time, afford information in an agreeable form to the Northerner; and if these objects are obtained in any degree, the writer, in consenting to its publication as a volume, will be fully rewarded. One important fact ought not to be overlooked, which is, that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the governesses, tutors, professional men, and others, who flock to the South 'ten thousand a year,' for the improvement of their fortunes, remain (the young ladies, if they can obtain 'Southern husbands,') and identify themselves fully with the Southern institutions."

If this "one important fact" is a *fact* it is certainly the strongest argument in favor of our peculiar institutions. The following extract is from a letter descriptive of New Orleans:

"Dear Sirs:—How shall I describe to you this city, so as to convey to you any thing like an adequate idea of it? It is unlike any other city in the Union, being foreign in air, in customs, and in population. Located as the water level of the river, above the surface of which it is elevated but a few inches, it extends for five miles along a grand bend of the river, which, doubling on its course, sweeps at this point northward, and then southward again, forming a majestic yoke, or letter U, and hence its name Crescent City. The front of the city is defended from floods by the Levee, which is raised a few feet higher than the general plane of its site. This Levee is the grandest quay in the world. Tyre no Carthage, Alexandria nor Grecia—those astuting imperial metropoles of ancient prides, boasted no quay like the Levee of New Orleans.

"Picture to your mind's eye an expansive open front, a quarter of a mile broad, shaped like a new moon, its two horns four miles apart! Behold this noble space built up on one side by blocks of lofty brick or stone-stones, warehouses, steam-presses, hotels, cotton and sugar magazines, in which the mightiest energies, talents, and riches of commerce have their fields of daily activity. Intermittently, further than the eye can follow them, in their recession in the distance, they extend, many succeeding to range. Opposite this朗朗的front of stores lie the various vessels which the winged servants of the princely merchants, who occupy these commercial palaces, The whole Levee bank, from horn to horn of the magnitudinous crescent, is lined with shipping and steamers.

"First are the cotton ships, which extend three in a tier for a mile and a half in unbroken line, their intermingled masts presenting the aspect of a winter forest stripped of its leaves. I have been along the whole Levee in a carriage, and seen all this with my own eyes, and as I gazed I wondered at the sublime spectacle. A half league mass of ships, those proud ocean eagles which swept the clouds with their snowy crests, which rose defiant to the down passing storm, tossed the ocean spray upon their decks, as the hosts of the desert things his mane, whose path has been sublimely held amid tempests and displays of the Almighty's power, whose swiftness, glory, and beauty of motion and form mocked that of the sea-bird—to see these once free and independent creatures, (ships to me always seem living things with life in them like the wheels in Ezekiel's vision,)—to see those superb ocean messengers stripped of their white plumage, tied by the bit to wooden wharves, like newly captured elephants to strong stakes—to see them secured and motionless, fast bound in chains of iron, prisoners and captives, all then winged swiftness and their late ocean freedom changed into captivity, made me feel sad. I gazed on them with pity and sympathy. Yet captives as they were, tied in threes us I beheld them, divested of their white wings as they were, there was still left much of the spirit of their former grandeur. Their dark hulls, huge and massive, rising high out of the water and overtopping the Levee houses, and which I had to gaze up at, their curving bows and tall bulwarks, their noble outlines and vast proportions still lent them a dignity which commanded respect.

"Ah, brave shipa," I said, "though bound fast now in port like caged birds, the day will come again, when laden with the silvery fleece of this sunny land, and the glittering crystals of its emerald sugar fields, ye will once more spread your broad wings to the breeze of heaven, your now motionless keels will once more cleave the blue waves of the illimitable ocean, and again you shall try our oaken strength with the tornado, and do mighty battles with the billows. Conquering and still conquering your pathway, you shall traverse the deepest seas; some of you penetrate the icy Baltic, to lay your treasures at the feet of the Russian Czar; some of you pass beneath the towering shadow of Gibraltar, and win your way so far Egypt, and unload your precious burden on the quay of the city, where once reigned Joseph and the Pharaohs; some of you less ambitious, shall follow the curving shores of our vast republic, and passing the Vineyard and the Copes of New England, shall find your canvass within sound of the church bell of my mother's native town."

"As we rode slowly along, gazing on the poor tied up ships, I noticed that they bore flags of every land; for a sea captain had died that morning, and all the vessels in port had their colors at half-mast, a very touching expression of nautical sorrow; for a flag not completely hoisted, is in the symbolic language of seamen, inverted, a signal of distress at sea, or sorrow in port. My old friend, the Bengal captain, (who has gone to sea again, and is now away off in India,) carried this half mast idea so far, that being in mourning for a relation, with black cape on a white General Jackson hat, he always wore the strip just half way up his hat, (half-mast, as he called it,) with a streamer half a foot long, floating out behind. The dear good old tense of a Bengal tiger! I wonder if he will ever write me that long letter he promised me he would do, and tell me all about his adventures in those far away lands and seas. If he does keep his promise, Mr.—, the letter is yours to put in print.

Some of the ships were Swedish, blunt square-bowed, high-shouldered, buffalo-looking hulls, with white-headed and fat-skinned men on board, in blue and red woolen caps. Their pretty flag was a white cross on a blue ground, with a scimitar field in the upper corner, ornamented with a small white St. Andrew's cross, (the letter X.) I thought of sweet Jenny Lind, as I looked at the flag of her country, which I felt would have brought tears of joy into her eyes, to have seen it here, so far away from her home land.

How much Sweden owes to Jenny Lind in song, Miss Bremer in letters, and Thorwaldsen in sculpture! But for these three gifted children of her hills, Sweden as before their birth, would be obscurely known to the world.

But they have placed her first in music, first in letters, first in art; so that now she takes her proper intellectual rank with the enlightened nations of Europe. If three persons can

give glory to their native land in the eyes of the world, how carefully ought every individual to live, that he may penitively reflect honor upon his own nation! No one is in

sufficient.

There were four Swedish ships, and two

Norwegian barques, showing in their flags

a large blue cross on a red ground, the flag of Ole Bull's land. A Portuguese brig, with her

pretty green and white striped colors. I also saw.

There were half a dozen Russian ships,

with their flags striped with red, white, and blue.

The most part of the vessels displayed

the star-spangled banner, flashing and glittering above the Yankee docks, as saucily as

though it felt itself at home on its own soil.

The red, swagmey looking ensign of old

England, with its double cross in one corner

of blue ground, floated proudly and gloomily

above full a hundred ships; for, next to the

commerce of our own ships, that of England

stands confessed. The tri-colored flag of

France was visible here and there, and the

yellow and red colors of Spain floated above

inferior-looking vessels.

Of the Yankee ships, nearly all were from

New York, and ports north of it, the half being

from New England. The handsomest ships

which I saw were from Bath, Maine;

and a captain, to whom the colonel spoke,

told me that the best ships in the world are

built on the Kennebec river in Maine.

Those which I saw and admired, were certainly models of grace, magnificence, and strength.

They looked like peaceful frigates, turned down, and broken into the merchant service.

After leaving the long range of ships, we came to the port of the Levee where the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, and all Northern and interior steamers meet.

For half a mile it was a grand display of snow-white hulls, round-topped wheel-houses, tall, black, iron chimneys, some belching forth clouds of murky smoke, that rolled and rolled over the city like threatening thunder-clouds, only more awful-looking. I never

saw anything so dreadfully sable as these volumes of smoke, which rise from furnaces

crammed with pine knots and tur-barrels.

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Just Eighteen.

BY INA CLAYTON.

I am just eighteen to-day.
And I have made my grand debut,
I graduated at Miss Mott's.

Where I learned a thing or two.
Tra la, la, la, that's so,

Tra la, la, that's so!

I can paint just to a charm.
Now for the languages I speak,
Let's see, German and Italian,
Latin, French and Greek.

Tra la, la, la.

In music I am an adept.
And I can waltz and dance, dear me,
Count Osman said I was the belle.

At Miss Durwood's school:

Tra la, la, la.

I can dress, and flirt and laugh,
Equal to any other one,
And I can "suck" Count Osman, too.

When he is fairly won.

Tra la, la, la.

I know my eyes are bright as stars,
My teeth like strings of pearls,
My cheeks like roses in full bloom,
My hair in shining curls.

Tra la, la, la.

I have a Papa who will give
Me all the "tin" I chance to need,
But if he should ever object,
Then how I could coax and plead!

Tra la, la, la.

I have a tasty waiting maid,
I would not dress myself, oh no,
Mama would think it was absurd,
So would Count Osman, too, I know!

Tra la, la, la.

But I am just eighteen to-day,
With nothing in the world to do,
My education is complete,
Allen old books, I'm done with you!

Tra la, la, la.

I'll live a life of idleness,
Work, oh pawpaw! I soon the name,
I need not tell to earn my bread,
Others mind 'tis all the same!

Tra la, la, la.

Philadelphia, Miss.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

CONESTA:

A TALE OF FOREST DAYS.

BY "ASHLEY."

CHAPTER IV.

From this time a feeling of close kindness had sprung up between Mr. Iredell and his family, and Senaska the chief of the Tuscaroras. With a father's gratitude, he had so pressed his hospitality upon him, that the usual reserve of the red man had been in a measure broken through, and the chief and his son Conesta were often seen within the bounds of the farm, where their dignified demeanor and unscrupulous curiosity concerning the various appliances of civilized life, afforded much entertainment to the inmates.

The mind of Senaska seemed chiefly bent on acquiring the knowledge which, though vaguely, he yet appeared to hope might at some period be useful to his people. Conesta's eyes, though appreciating very well all he saw, would yet dwell longer on the fair form of Kate. He came oftener than his father, and even while engaged with others, she would sometimes catch his deep and looking eyes watching her with a peculiar interest. This was all natural enough, but Kate did not dream of the sequel, and, as in duty bound, we must acquit her of coquetry.

One fine morning she was stooping among the flowers and bushes of the garden, when the form of Conesta appeared at the little wicket. She gave him friendly greeting, and in a moment he was by her side and apparently interesting himself in the work she was engaged upon, enquiring the names of the various plants, and then giving them to her in the Indian tongue. At last silence fell between the two, Kate continuing her occupation, and Conesta standing near watching her intently. At length he spoke.

"When one more sun shall fall, the Tuscaroras will be on the path to their hunting grounds again."

"Indeed," replied Kate, looking up, "it is true your people have lingered some time by the graves, but in the next year we will see you again, I hope."

"Conesta would return before then," answered he, in soft accents. "There is love in his heart for the fair Wood-flower, and he would make her his bride."

Stoic in demeanor, metaphysical and sparing in language, yet simple and straightforward in meaning, there was no mistaking him, and a sudden pang shot through Kate's breast as she realized it. The child of nature loved her, and though of itself the fact, rightly viewed, involved a high compliment apart from other considerations, yet, of course, there were many such and weighty ones through the medium of which the master appeared in alternately a ludicrous and painful light. Kate's countenance, therefore, took the impress of each in the course of her reply, which was as straightforward as the proposal.

"Would Conesta seek one who cannot love him? She whom he seeks for is of another race which the Great Spirit has drawn apart from his own. And besides," added she, smiling somewhat merrily at the thought, "she is not fitted to flourish out of her own soil, and the tasks of Conesta's lodge would fail from her hands undone, and his warriors and their wives would laugh at him and her."

"Conesta is a chief of a nation," replied the Indian, drawing himself up proudly at what he considered might be a contemptuous allusion in the maiden's speech to the difference of race between them, "the tribes of his brethren are

as the stars of the winter night, and they suffer the white man to plough freely the borders of their hunting grounds, which spread half way between the rising and the setting sun."

"Nay, nay," said Kate, perceiving and hastening to remove the impression from his mind, "I meant not to say that the white man should despise the Indian; for it is from me to speak thus of the people of Senaska, but simply that one like me, brought up from childhood in the customs and habits of my people, so different from yours, would find it hard indeed to become used to them, perhaps never could, and never could perform the duties required to do justice to the name of a chief."

"The maidens of the Tuscaroras, the daughters of the chiefs and of the great warriors of the people, would love the fair Wood-flower and teach her all the cunning of their hands," eagerly replied Conesta.

"But beside this," continued Kate, driven to her last argument, and with drooping eye and blushing cheek, "I can be the bride of no other than him who will shortly come to claim me."

A quick shadow fell across the face of Conesta as he comprehended the state of affairs, and he was silent, while Kate again bent over her plants.

After a short pause, "The Great Spirit will bless thee then" said he "and make pleasant thy heart among thy people. Though the Wood-flower may not bloom in the lodge of Conesta, her fragrance shall be around his heart, and her voice be sweet to him in the wilderness. The sun is high and calls to the wood."

So saying, he turned and was lost to view.

On the evening of that day the feet of the chieftains tarried late from the camp, and it was by the light of the night-fires that Conesta entered bearing the lifeless body of Senaska, and laid it down before the door of the chief's lodge. Then it was that amid the hurrying to and fro of his surprised followers, their fierce and gloomy brows, and quick eager questionings, that the sad tale was told how, after the day's hunt and separation of the two to meet at the day's close on converging trails, Conesta loaded with the carcasse of a buck and drawing near the point of meeting had heard the unusual sound of the rifle, and laying down his game, with the habitual caution of an Indian had proceeded to investigate the cause; striking directly for the sound, and crossing the gully or ravine before mentioned it did not take him long to discover the dead body of his father, and from its position, the nature of the ground, and the well known effect of gun shot wounds upon the posture of those slain by them, already well learned by the observant savages, to find out the position of the assassin, and without exposing himself, to track him as we have already seen.

And now preparations were made for the immediate interment of the chief, and for a departure with the morning light upon the track of the murderer.

Decked carefully with his most ornamented garb, the body lay upon a bear-skin spread on a rack of matted boughs. Solemn silence prevailed throughout the camp, and the dark forms were motionless in their various attitudes seen by the light of the smouldering fires. At length the moon rose clear and full above the tree tops and shone upon the scene. Conesta, advancing, stood by the body. At this signal the rest of the Indians glided silently forward, and four of the warriors, lifting the bier, bore it through the camp to the woods. In a short time they arrived at the grave dug in the ancient burial ground of the tribe, and amid the mouldering bones of their generations. Laying the bier alongside, they proceeded to equip the corpse for its long and dreary journey to the spirit-land. Between the left arm and the body were placed the heavy bow bent and strung, an arrow in the right hand, and the full charged quiver close by. The bright hatchet and scalping knife were inserted in the gorgeous belt, and the lower limbs enfolded in a robe of skins. Cakes of corn meal and slices of venison were placed at the side. Over the whole the bear-skin was closed and the body received into the grave, which was then filled up, and all returned to the camp to await the dawn.

CHAPTER V.

Let us bind the pinion of time for a little while, so that we may overtake him within proper limits, and go back a week or two.

Kemp, stunned and confused by his initiation into the mysteries of the ball-play given him by Senaska, was hurried to his horse by the two men we left coming to his rescue, lifted to the saddle, and being too bewildered and nervous to sit firmly as yet, his feet were quickly bound beneath his horse's belly by a belt, and then, supported by his comrades on either side, they urged up their animals as fast as circumstances allowed, and were soon at a safe distance from the settlement. Striking across the forest guided by marks well known to the woodsman, and taking advantage of the occasional openings, the decline of the sun found them riding down the slope of a knoll which led to the edge of a heavy swamp. Skirting this for some distance until a certain point was reached, one of the men turned directly into it at what seemed to be a hopeless quagmire, but in reality was a tolerably firm bottom laid a few inches beneath a soft oozy surface, and sufficient to sustain the weight of an animal under an ordinary walk. The others following, they picked their way along guided by their woodmarks until, after advancing about a quarter of a mile through the rank growth, they emerged upon a hard dry tongue of land completely hidden from view of the point of entrance and the margin, by the intervening

bushes and trees. Here they rode for a long distance dry-shod, when again descending to the oozy bottom, they proceeded as at first through various windings until a second time they emerged as before upon hard soil. Riding now at a smart gallop, in free conversation they commented upon their late disaster.

We need not detail their remarks interspersed with many a bitter curse from Kemp, whose spirit if it had ever been softened by what earthly influence alone could soften it, his love of a pure and gentle woman, had now under the stings of disappointment and disgrace, resumed all its old fierce and dangerous nature.

Already working darkly and strongly within it were schemes not only of attaining his former purpose, but of deadly revenge, perhaps its strongest trait.

Having ridden some time, the party at length drew rein, and one of them placing his hands to his mouth produced a peculiar sound a blending of the deep cry of the owl and a loud hollow whistle. Immediately from the wood ahead came an answering cry, and proceeding at a walk, soon from behind the trunk of an oak stepped a man in the garb of a woodsman or hunter, and bearing rifle and broad-bladed hunting knife. Saluting Kemp with something of military form, the latter addressed him half familiarly, half authoritatively.

"Well Bolton, what cheer now?"

"Naught captain but venison, except that the redskins have been somewhat more cheerful than common; by some means or other they got hold of one of the stray whiskey jugs, and, to while away the time in this dull brash, have been whooping and dancing somewhat freely, but it is all over now, and they are quiet enough," replied the man, resuming his former position as the party passed on and at a short distance entered the precincts of a camp.

Arranged here and there among the trees were hastily constructed tents of sapling thatched with bush. Several fires blazed at intervals helping even the light of the day which came rather languidly through the thick trees.

About the place were grouped the figures of men in the garb of those forest days, differing slightly in details according to fancy, and among them several Indians sitting or lying down and gazing heavily around. Rides and arms of smaller size were well distributed.

After Kemp had entered and exchanged greetings with the men, who seemed to look up to him as a sort of chief, he was joined by one of them, a dark man with small keen eyes glancing sharply over a heavy moustache and beard; him he took aside and entered into close conversation with. After a while the latter called aloud to one of the Indians who rising, came at once to them and joined the conference, during which he several times clutched the handle of his knife and gesticated strongly, and when they separated at its close there was a fierce light in the eyes of the savage as he strode back and flung himself on the earth.

Each day after that, three of the Indians arose started from the camp by early light and returned late and always without game, holding talk with Kemp and the other, on their arrival each time. One day at length, unusual preparations were discerned in the place; none had left the camp, and all were busy cleaning arms and accoutrements with gleesome laugh and coarse jest. Knapsack and hunting pouches were brought forth and filled with provision, and every man busied himself according to his own or the general need. After midday, the Indian, before mentioned with another, accompanied by two of the white men bearing their rifles, left the camp and disappeared by the route along which we have already traced Kemp and his men. The day drew to its close, and though the warm flush of the sun set, yet lingered and there was light abroad, yet, in the dense growth of the swamp, it was heavy twilit when the peculiar signal cry was heard outside the camp, and again as the reply was given by the sentinel.

A few minutes lapsed, and the Indians and men who had departed in the morning, entered and took their places by the glowing coals.

"Well," said Kemp, approaching the party and addressing one of the white men, "what is the name of the game, Dixon?"

"Dead, dead, Captain, of no use to any one now but the wolves; no bullet of mine ever went fairer under the shoulder of a flying buck than that now under his."

"Are you sure of it?" said Kemp.

"As sure as word without scalp can prove it; and scalp I could have shown had I let Maneka have his own way, but I feared that some of the others might not be far off, and so made straight back to blunder the trail, and left the carcass to the crows."

"It is well," replied Kemp, "now for the main chance; bring up the men, Harris, after they have eaten and let us to the night's work."

CHAPTER VI.

Silently but rapidly through the deep gloom of the swamp moved the picked party of nine men headed by Kemp with the Indian Maneka at his side. All were mounted, and the stillness was only occasionally broken by a word, and the dull tramp of the horses, or the sucking of their hoofs in the quagmire.

Emerging into the more open forest at a point somewhat different from the former, a short halt was ordered, and Kemp proceeded to detail the plans of the night; this finished, the ride began in earnest. Dashing between trees and over fallen trunks, winding around or leaping over brush, and dodging vines and branches, they swept along at a swift gallop,

their rough looking but hardy and sure footed beasts, which would have excited the risibilities of an English steeple-chase, bearing them safety and rapidly through places, where in a run of five hundred yards the aforesaid steeple-chase would have been a mass of confusion worse confounded." Two hours brought them to a heavy clump of trees, where at the word the party reined up, and entering made fast their horses. Kemp with the Indian then leaving the party proceeded along an indistinct path which, had it been day, we would have discerned to be very similar to that along which his retreat was made after his encounter with Senaska nearly two weeks before,—

Reaching the little log house already mentioned, they crept along the under brush skirting the road fence enclosing the farm yard, cautiously keeping the wind between themselves and the premises, until a rise in the ground enabled them to scan the place carefully by the light of the moon just risen. All was silent; not even the whine of a dog was heard. Extending their view a short distance round, they quickly retraced their steps to the party who, receiving some hurried directions from Kemp, at once followed him towards the house, leaving one of their number with the horses.

Entering the little wicket by the spring and drawing near the house, the savage bark of the dog which rushed towards them, was cut short by a howl of pain, as an arrow from Maneka's bow plunged through him, and he dropped in the death-struggle.

And now, from the woodpile, two long round logs were selected, and each, borne on the strong arms of four men, were forthwith carried to the back door and leveled against it with rapid strokes endwise. The first blow reverberated suddenly through the building; at the second the loud screams of the females were heard, and the shouts of Iredell calling to his people. The blows fell in quick succession on the double plank trebly barred within, producing but small effect, when Kemp, to whom time was now everything, knowing the value of each minute, seized a hatchet from Maneka, and blazing out a spot in the plank half way between the centre and bottom of the door, directed the men to strike there and nowhere else. The effect was soon visible: receiving the powerful blows at a point unsupported by the bars, the plank began to yield and crack. Redoubling their efforts as the splinters flew, soon with a crash the end of the log was driven through, at the same time, that a report of firearms was heard from within, and the bullets pattered harmlessly against the door. Plying the other log, the door soon shook and rattled beneath the strokes, and the wood torn away in large splinters, fell within. The discharges of firearms continued, but the assailants knew their work too well, and giving the opening a wide berth, the bullets which came through it, fell harmlessly beyond, while the rest were buried in the wood. Suddenly ordering the men to desist, Kemp, standing close to the door, inserted within the breach a crooked piece of wood he had seized from the pile, and pressing it upwards, the middle bar flew from the socket, and fell to the ground within.

"Now men strike the centre," cried he, and the heavy beams were again pelted with desperate energy.

Deprived of their main support, the planks soon gave in with a crash, and Kemp leaped through followed by the men. As they entered, they were met by a volley, and with a groan one of the men sank down. By the flash the figures of Iredell and two men were seen standing in the passage way between the rooms, of which there were four on one floor.

There was no light in this passage, which was a wide one, the occupants startled out of slumber, and hastily rushing to the defence, had either no time to get one, or had preferred the darkness as giving them more safety while their sin could be better upon the forms of the assailants appearing athwart the open door.

There was no light in this passage, which was a wide one, the occupants startled out of slumber, and hastily rushing to the defence, had either no time to get one, or had preferred the darkness as giving them more safety while their sin could be better upon the forms of the assailants appearing athwart the open door.

"On men! down with them," shouted Kemp, as with blood now thoroughly up they sprang forward to his call, and the unequal struggle commenced hand to hand.

Iredell and his men were no mean foes; athletic, bold spirited, and fighting on their own hearthstone, their blows were dealt with the vigor of despair.

Kemp however had no design to expose himself to more danger than was necessary to his purpose. His object was to be attained.—Leaving the battle to his men, and retaining Maneka by him he tried the door of the nearest room; it was open and he entered;—it was vacant except the simple furniture; the opposite one was then tried;—it was fast.

Drawing a short heavy axe provided for the purpose, from his girdle, a few strong blows drove it from its fastenings and they entered.

By the light of a single candle Kate was bending over the form of her mother who lay in a swoon upon the bed, and clasping her in her arms, herself almost paralysed by fear, and only able to cry out faintly through white lips as they approached. "Mercy! mercy!"

Such mercy as the wolf feels in the chase, when gathering for the last spring upon his quarry.

Seizing her struggling in his arms, while Maneka again closed the door, Kemp dashed a window from its fastenings and sprang to the ground, Maneka following.

Bearing her rapidly across the farm-yard, they soon reached the spring and the path beyond, along which they hastened as quickly as possible and arrived at the grove where stood the horses.

Interchanging a

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

the head of a tenpenny nail. In short, to evince the confidence they possessed in their dexterity with these kind of arms, some of them proposed to stand with apples on their heads, while others at the same distance, undertook to shoot them off; but the people who saw the other experiments declined to witness this.

"At night a great fire was kindled around a pole planted in the Court house square, where the company, with the Captain at their head, all naked to the waist, and painted like savages, except the captain, who was in an Indian shirt, indulged a vast concourse of people with a perfect exhibition of a war dance, and all the manœuvres of Indians, holding count, going to war, circumventing their enemies by deñies, ambuscades, attacking, scalping, &c. It is said by those who are judges that no representation could possibly come nearer the original. The Captain's expertise and agility, in particular, in these experiments, astonished every beholder. This morning they will set out on their march for Cambridge."

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N.C.

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Editorial Correspondence.

JARRATT'S HOTEL, Petersburg Va.,

August 16, 1850.

Dear A.—Having a few hours to spend, and nothing better to do, I wrote you a few lines last Saturday from Goldsboro. I believe I said in that all I had to say of Goldsboro, except I failed to speak of the superior entertainment I found at the Dixon House which merits a passing notice. The proprietor of this House has the energy, and he certainly knows how to apply it, to prepare and afford his guests every requisite of comfort, either to transient travelers who take breakfast and supper with him, or to those who make any stay in the town. Trains arrive at Goldsboro daily from the North, the South, the West, and from Beaufort, and none of them make complete connections. It is, therefore, quite refreshing to a traveler to have a good house in which he may find rest and something good to eat.

Leaving Goldsboro, I spent a very pleasant and quiet Sabbath in Wilson, quite a thriving town on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad. Having a great fondness for the little folk, I availed myself of the privilege of attending the Sabbath School, and gazing for awhile into the sparkling eyes of the little boys and girls. I do not profess to a dislike for gazing into eyes, sometimes, belonging to "children of larger growth"; but the experiment might be rather hazardous in Wilson, as I believe every such pair claims the protection of a liege lord. I will say this much for them, however, I saw one pair, which would have required the protection of more than one "liege lord," to have prevented the second look, having taken the first.

I came from Wilson to Petersburg on Monday. It commenced raining Sunday evening, and with but little intermission, rained until Wednesday morning, part of the time very hard, but mostly in gentle showers. There is a great deal of travel at this time over most of the roads, mostly for the Virginia springs; some of the watering places numbering from one thousand to eighteen hundred visitors.

Speaking of travelers, I must not neglect to tell you of a most delightful incident. I was riding along in a mood rather meditative, as I was surrounded only by gentlemen, all of whom, like myself, I presume, had been denominated the "Ladies' Car." At each station we were taking in fresh recruits to our numbers, until the "Ladies' Car" was filled. At last we reached a station which looked like a little camp-meeting, there were so many ladies, trunks, &c., and they every one had to come into "our" coach. My hand is now trembling while I think about it! Such beauty, such charming creatures! Not forgetting it might look a little rude to be constantly turning my head and looking back, I turned my seat round and rode backwards. An old man, between forty and fifty, seated with me, had his eyes set in their sockets almost as fixed as if screwed in and wedged, so charmed was he with the beautiful scene before him. Pulling out my note book from my pocket, I enquired of the Conductor the name of the place that could boast of such beauties. He replied BELLFIELD, and added such were the beauties all through this country. There! you anxious bachelors, every one of you, heed the name of the place, and take care of yourselves.

At this time Petersburg is rather dull, nearly every body who can leave his business is from home, gone to the spring, or making a Summer tour. It is not yet time for the Fall trade, but the wholesale dealers are beginning to receive their invoices of goods, a considerable amount being direct from Europe. Petersburg is a business place; it possesses a good deal of wealth, and much energy, and I would be glad if our Southern merchants would make a stop here before they went farther North, and see if they might not, in many things, as well as if they were to purchase in New York. I am aware New York has great prestige, and many persons think a piece of goods only came from New York, it

is perfectly right, both in quality and in price. To disabuse such minds, there is nothing like facts personally observed; and such facts might be in abundance, were country merchants to make the experiment. I saw, yesterday, two large orders ready for shipment, for counties west of Greensboro, which are duplicates of orders made recently by the same merchants, in New York, at ten per cent. advance on the Petersburg price. This is a fact that will tell. And I am confident good trades might be made in various branches, at prices which will compare favorably with the New York market. The merchants of Petersburg only ask a trial to prove their assertions true.

Besides the mercantile business, proper, Petersburg has some extensive manufactures. I visited a large foundry owned by Messrs. Topp & Lumden, and was much pleased, not only at seeing the *modus operandi*, but also the extensive demand for the various kinds of machinery manufactured by them: steam engines, saw mills, mill gearing, horse powers and threshers, tobacco screws and mills, hydraulic presses, cotton gin irons, &c., &c.

Before closing this random letter, I must say a word for "mine hosts." They daily feed multitudes, and more attentive, accommodating, and gentlemanly proprietors I never saw. The "Jarratt House" is the house of Petersburg, and I was not surprised anywhere in all the excellencies of good living. It is within a few steps of the terminus of the Petersburg Railroad, and is convenient to the centre of trade. If you ever stop over in Petersburg, or if you only stop for one meal, Jarratt's is the place.

I leave here to-day for Richmond, and from thence I know not, but will write you again in due time. Yours,

Chang and Eng.

It is said that Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, differ in politics. Both are veteran democrats, but Chang is now for Breckinridge, and Eng for Douglas. The question is, will they divide their Union?—*Ex. paper.*

We have known the twins ever since their residence in Surry and always thought they were Whigs. A letter from a gentleman in Surry to the Fayetteville *Observer* fully confirms our opinion. He says they never were Democrats and requested him to say they never would be. This was evidently gotten up for fun.

DARING FEAT!

A daring feat was accomplished a few days since on the Erie and Canandaigua branch of the New York and Erie Railroad, by John J. Delaney, engineer of a train. He was coming down a fifty three foot grade, near Millport, when he observed a child playing on the track ahead of this train. He immediately whistled for the brakes, but on such a heavy grade, and in so short a distance, it was of no use. He made up his mind in a second how to proceed. He ran along to the front of the engine, got down on the pilot, and, when within six feet of the unconscious child, bounded from the engine, seized the child from certain death, and rolled with it over an embankment, safe and unharmed, barely clearing the engine in his descent as it went thundering past.

As a case where a little trouble would save the life of man or beast, is so seldom, we think this article should be posted in every man's hat. This engineer is certainly a model man in his profession, and should be promoted.

THE LAKES.

The Detroit Tribune, in a late issue, presents a full list of the vessels from the Great Lakes, which are now engaged in the European and coasting trade. The list comprises fifty-seven vessels, of an average capacity of three hundred and seventeenth tons. We know of nothing which more plainly marks the enterprise of our countrymen than the rapid increase of the tonnage on the Lakes, and the total disregard of distance and danger evinced by such men as the Captain of the little schooner lately announced as having arrived at Constantinople from Chicago. The aggregate capacity of these vessels is 18,085 tons. The Tribune says that inquiries for vessels to load for Liverpool, Cadiz, Charleston, &c., are now quite common, and it adds, "if this had been predicted six years ago, there is not an old laker, but would have sailed incredulously." One of the steam-tugboats belonging to the fleet is carrying cattle from Brazos to Cuba. She is a nice little steamship, and has had her engine changed to a low pressure, and an ingenious self-condensing invention connected with it, for producing fresh water from salt."

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.

Again the military spirit is aroused in France by the departure of soldiers for another war. A year ago it was Lombardy; later to China; to-day it is to the Holy Land. The cry "Partant pour la Syrie!" is sounded by every trooper's horn in the Empire. What was to the Queen floriente a romance is to her son a reality. How little did she comprehend, when she was penning the notes of this beautiful march, the destiny that awaited them, or the events that were to again make them the rallying cry of a French army bound for the Holy Land! And what now must be the feelings of Louis Napoleon when he hears the military bands starting for the East playing this production of his dearly loved mother.

TALC.

A mountain of pure talc exists in Cherokee county, N. C., west of Murphy. It is termed the "French Chalk" by tailors, who use it as a substitute for chalk. It is now extensively used in the manufacture of the fine soaps, and as an anti-frictionist on heavy machinery and wagons and carriages moistened with oil. In the vicinity of navigation this vast "formation" would be of great value in the arts; but where it is the expense of transportation would leave no profits to the miner, and it must therefore remain unused until a dense population, with accompanying factories, encompass it.

It will be seen, by reference to another column, that it was Thos. Jefferson Badgett, of Caswell, instead of T. J. Badger, of Raleigh, as most of the papers have it, who was around at Atlantic City.

THE SOUND OF GROWING CORN.

Did you ever hear corn grow? You have probably heard the remark "our corn grows so fast that you can hear it. That is supposed, by people who don't know, to be a figure of speech only; but the remark out here is a literal fact. Go into one of these "bottom" corn fields forty or fifty rods on a warm July day, or August night, when a bright moon is up, (for vegetation grows faster in moonlight than in darkness) and a few hours after a heavy shower has fairly wet the earth, and waked up the drowsy corn to its influences, and as the main stalk stretches and swells in its new strength, up through the contracted lips of the upper blades, they crack and burst around you like the stifled reports of ten thousand rifles. That cornfield will be some inches higher at sunrise the next morning than at the last sundown. There is no mistake about it. We have heard corn grow many a time and so every farmer along in the Sooita valley will tell you.—*The World.*

WOOLEN FACTORY.

A Company has been organized to erect a Woolen Factory on Eastanalee Creek, in the vicinity of Athens Tenn.

PATENT CHARGES.

Carrington's *Commissionario*, in reply to a question, states:

It costs a native or naturalized citizen some \$30 to obtain a patent in this country: an Englishman about \$300, and a native of any other country \$300. Our charge to foreigners for a patent is founded in part on the *lex talionis*, i. e., our charge is approximated to what their governments charge our people. A patent for England costs an American about \$500; for Scotland about \$400, and for Ireland about \$700—in all about \$1600 for Great Britain with separate charges for the different Colonies.

CRANBERRIES.

The Barnstable (Mass.) Patriot says that, notwithstanding the damage done to the cranberry vines by worms and insects in certain sections of the country, this crop has never been larger than it will be the present season.

UNION ILLINOIS STATE CONVENTION.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—The Bell and Everett State Convention met at Decatur yesterday, and nominated a full State and Electoral ticket. No platform resolutions were adopted.

The Charle-ton, S. C., papers announce the death of Dr. Jno. Bellinger, a well known physician of that city.

MARRIED.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 14th inst., Mr. J. C. Burroughs to Miss Margaret E. Spratt.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 16th inst., Col. Wm. H. McCormick to Mrs. E. M. Dickson.

In Rowan county, on the 6th inst., Mr. J. A. Graham to Miss Sophia Miller.

In Stokes county, on the 24th ult., Mr. Solomon Kilgore to Miss Nancy Limburger.

DIED.

In this place, at the residence of his grandfather, Dr. Jno. L. Cole, on Saturday 18th, John Robert, infant son of Rev. H. T. and J. Hartie W. Hudson aged 11 months and 3 days.

In Newbern, on 18th, Rev. J. H. Brent, of North Carolina Conference.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 27th ult., Mrs. Marion McMillan, aged 50 years.

In Union county, on 13th inst., Mrs. Martha Benton, in the 61st year of her age.

Tribute of Respect.

At a meeting of the students of the University, Pa., held August the 9th, 1850, it was announced that P. J. Badgett of North Carolina was drowned at Atlantic City while bathing about 11½ o'clock. A. M., on the 8th inst. He, with several companions, was in the surf a short distance above the bathing ground of the United States Hotel, and went out as many others did, to let the waves break over him. He disappeared in a wave several times, but again was seen standing in one wave, larger than usual, broken over him, after which he was seen no more. The alarm was immediately given along the beach, and all the aid possible, was obtained, but he was not again seen until his body was washed ashore, about three quarters of an hour afterwards. It is supposed he was thrown from his feet and washed out to sea, by the undertow. His body was taken to the Virginia House where every effort was made to restore him, but in vain. It was then brought to Philadelphia on the evening train.

On motion, the following young men were appointed to draft resolutions: J. K. Jones, Miss. A. B. Phillips, Penn. Wm. W. Prigg, Penn. P. A. Oakey, N. C.; J. P. Chandler, Miss. Henry Robinson, S. C.; and also of the Jefferson College, O. C. Brothers, Miss. W. C. King, Penn. H. R. Ringold, Texas; L. A. Waller, Miss. L. R. King, Tex. The resolutions were adopted.

WOMEN. It has pleased Almighty God to permit our beloved companion P. J. Badgett to be taken from us by death, yet we cannot bear some expression of our feelings of sorrow on this sad occasion while we humbly submit to his decree. Death is always dreadful, but it is doubly dreadful in the young and healthy. Mr. P. J. Badgett was, in all his relations, high-minded and courteous—never an unkind expression fell from him. He was gentle and amiable, yet his dignified bearing never left him.

As a student, he was in strict and accurate and made rapid progress in those scientific acquirements which would have given him distinction in the medical profession.

His moral character was unblemished. He had that happy harmony of the passions which make his deportments exemplary as well as agreeable. He was exact in his religious observances, and had a high reverence for religion and things sacred, and attended church regularly.

Respect. That the University, Penn., has lost one of her students who bid fair to occupy an elevated position.

Respect. That the students of the University of Pa., deeply deplore his death as a companion, and in token of mourning will wear ermine on the left arm for thirty days.

Respect. That we his fellow-students tender our sincere condolences to his family, who have, in him, lost an affectionate son and brother.

Respect. That our thanks are due Dr. Jenkins of the Virginia House, Atlantic City, and others of the same place for their kindness and attention on the occasion.

Respect. That the Secretary be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the bereaved family and have them published in the North American, and United States Gazette.

The Milton Chronicle and other North Carolina papers please copy. J. J. Ware, C. W.

P. J. Rhea, Secy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Times has an increasing circulation throughout the South and Southwest, and is an excellent medium for advertising.

A few select short announcements will be had, of ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisements starting or ending months, a deduction of 50 per cent. will be made. Advertisers specifying the number of lines to be run, and the date of insertion, will be charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.

NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.—This enterprising Institution, located at Mount Pleasant, Cabarrus County, N. C., will begin its next session September 25, 1850. It enjoys a beautiful and healthful situation, and is of easy access to all parts of the state. The institutions of similar character throughout the country. Entire expenses for session of 16 months, including board, washing, fuel, tuition, and all incidentals, from \$12 to \$15. For further particulars address

Rev. D. B. BUTLER, President, or

COL. JOHN SHIMPPOH, Secy. of Board.

CARLTON, CHAMBERLAIN, & CO.,

111 Main Street, RICHMOND, VA. Wholesale Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Hats, Sack Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Sheep Thread, writing and wrapping Paper, Trunks, Twine, &c. Also of their own manufacture heavy sewed Breegans, suitable for Plantation Servants. They keep always on hand the latest and best selected stock of goods in their line to be found in this market—all of which will be sold on the most advantageous terms.

CHAS. H. ANDERSON, ALEXIS GREEN, JNO. A. BROWN,

ANDERSON, GREEN & HAWKES,

(Successors to Aug. Anderson & Co.) Wholesale dealers in Ribbons, Bonnets and Millinery Goods, 101 Main Street, RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 25—imp.

THOS. M. SHIFF, FREDERICK BROWN, G. W. WILSON, W. S. HUBERT,

SMITH, RHODDIS & CO., Importers

and dealers in Hardware, Cutlery, Gums, Sealers, Anchor Clothing Cloth, &c., No. 22, Pearl Street, RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 25—imp.

STRANGERS Visiting Petersburg al-

ways wish to see every thing of interest. An hour

can be spent in the large Establishment of J. T. Young,

corner of Bank and Sycamore streets, to a better advan-

tage than at any other place in this city. If you do not

wish to purchase anything, the proprietor or clerk will

take the greatest pleasure in showing all the fancy

articles in his store, and explain the difference in quality and price.

If you should find anything to suit your fancy,

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

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GAS AS A MOTIVE POWER.

Mons. Denis, a French Electrician and Chemist, has invented a gas engine, which he regards as destined to take the place of the steam engine as a motive power. It resembles the ordinary locomotive, but is minus the boiler and furnace. It has a gas meter, and a small inductive (electrical) apparatus. The power is produced by firing the gas in a sealed chamber, where it has been previously mixed with atmospheric air—so that it is really another form of the Caloric Engine. It works economically, its fuel costing 30 per cent less than that of the most economical locomotive—and the engine, complete, only costs \$200, and can be used wherever gas is used. It is entirely free from danger of explosion.

The original cost of the Great Eastern was \$1,500,000. She stands charged to the owners at \$2,150,000. Of this amount \$500,000 is preferred stock. The holders of this stock will doubtless soon own the ship, and they are likely to find her an elephant which they cannot manage, and which will be to them only a great bill of costs.

BOY'S SIGHT STRANGELY LOST AND RESTORED.

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MORE TROUBLE FOR THE GREAT EASTERN.

The London *Times* of the 4th inst. states that the shares of the Great Eastern Steamship Company continue to decline, the latest quotation being \$8. 64 @ 9s. per share. The fall in value was caused in part by a report that the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada are about to institute a claim of £60,000 for damages, through breach of contract in the vessel having been sent to New York instead of Portland. One of the members of the Board had sent in his resignation.

A HELPERITE ARRESTED.

A Helperite, named Bland, is in jail at Springfield, Ky., for circulating the Helper book, which is in violation of the law proscribing the introduction of incendiary pamphlets into the State.

FRUIT DRYING.

One who knows, says too many people are trying to put up large quantities of peeled peaches, simply because they bear a higher price in market, not reflecting that they could, with less labor, save four or five times the amount unpeeled. The demand during the present season will be greatly in favor of the unpeeled, so that more money can be made, and a reader market found by putting up peaches with the peeling on. By just cutting them in half and drying them well, much tedious labor will be saved, and their sale made more speedy and extensive.

THE BENICIA GIRL.

The New York correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* writes:

Mrs. Adah Isaacs Menken Heenan is now in the city quietly awaiting the recognition of her husband and lord, J. C. Heenan, the champion.

We will now test the truth of the gossip respecting the marriage of the Benicia Boy. Thus far he has held back and sought no interview with his Adah. She says that if he does not come out like a man and take her to his bosom and his home, she will publish in the Sunday papers all the tender love-letters he wrote her in their days of billing and cooing. These would make racy reading, and great is the competition among the Sunday sheets to obtain these sweet morsels. Heenan takes the matter as a good joke on a bad subject.

LATER FROM COSTA RICA.

We find the following in a late Washington paper:

By the arrival of Mr. Dimitry, the Secretary of the United States Legation at Costa Rica, the important intelligence has been brought hither of the full ratification by Congress of the grant of a railroad right to Ambrose W. Thompson, Esq. The grant is for eighty years and gives the whole of the Lagoon of Chiriqui on the Atlantic, and the entire of the Gulf of Dolee, as well as two fine bays in addition on the Pacific, on which to terminate the road.

A charter for the purpose of organization is given by Costa Rica, with all the powers and privileges contained in the Chiriqui Improvement Company Charter granted by the State of Pennsylvania. Six per cent of the net profits of the Company are to be paid annually to the following effect:

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This is the most liberal and valuable railroad grant which has ever yet been made across the great American Isthmus, and places Mr. Thompson in a high and independent position. He holds grants from New Granada, which have been sought to be annulled, but which cannot legally be done, while this of Costa Rica stands without conflict of any kind.

A BANK PORTER ROBBED OF \$500 IN THE STREET. In relation to the robbery of a bank porter in New York city, alluded to in our telegraphic despatches, the New York Commercial Advertiser says:

"About eleven o'clock this morning, the porter of the Greenwich street Savings Bank was sent to the Greenwich Bank with a check for \$5000, which he drew in bills, placing them in his breast pocket. As he reached the street he was accosted by a stranger of respectable appearance who inquired the way to Jersey City ferry. As the porter turned round to indicate the locality, the stranger snatched the bills from his breast pocket and derailed. The porter pursued for a short distance, but soon lost sight of the fugitive."

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A ROYAL KISS.

Some of the journals are stating that the Prince of Wales is the first heir apparent to the throne of England who has ever visited the United States; but this is a mistake. Doubtless many readers are familiar with an anecdote of William IV, before he came to his estate, to the following effect:

While in New York the Prince called at a barber's shop to be shaved. When the operation was completed, he stepped up to the barber's pretty wife, who chanced to be present, and giving her a kiss, remarked: "There now, you can say you have been kissed by one of the royal family." The barber, choosing to receive this as an insult, seized the prince, and helping him out of the shop with his foot, exclaimed, "There now, you can say that you have received a royal kick from a freeman."

GAS AS A MOTIVE POWER.

Mons. Denis, a French Electrician and Chemist, has invented a gas engine, which he regards as destined to take the place of the steam engine as a motive power. It resembles the ordinary locomotive, but is minus the boiler and furnace. It has a gas meter, and a small inductive (electrical) apparatus. The power is produced by firing the gas in a sealed chamber, where it has been previously mixed with atmospheric air—so that it is really another form of the Caloric Engine. It works economically, its fuel costing 30 per cent less than that of the most economical locomotive—and the engine, complete, only costs \$200, and can be used wherever gas is used. It is entirely free from danger of explosion.

The original cost of the Great Eastern was \$1,500,000. She stands charged to the owners at \$2,150,000. Of this amount \$500,000 is preferred stock. The holders of this stock will doubtless soon own the ship, and they are likely to find her an elephant which they cannot manage, and which will be to them only a great bill of costs.

BOY'S SIGHT STRANGELY LOST AND RESTORED. The editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) "Witness," tells the following remarkable story:

A little boy in that region waked up one morning last winter and discovered that he was blind. He is twelve or thirteen years old and up to that morning his sight had been perfect. When told the second time by his father to get up he replied: "Father, it is day-light?" "Yes, long ago." "Then, father," the little fellow sadly said, "I am blind." And so it was. His sight was gone.

The boy was recently taken to Nashville for medical treatment. The doctors declined to do anything for him, however. But during his stay in the city, his sight suddenly returned, when he threw his arms around his father's neck and exclaimed: "Oh, father, I can see!"

An attempt to burn the Episcopal church in this city, is supposed to have been made last night. At about 8 o'clock Judge Bulger who resides near the church, saw a huge volume of smoke issuing from the church. Several persons entered it and found it filled with smoke as if made by the burning of powder or sulphur. Something is wrong in our city.—*Ral. Press*.

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES. The Editor of the Cincinnati (Ohio) Times recently visited Solomon Paugorn of Rising Sun, Indiana, who says he was born in the city of New York, a small town of five or six hundred houses, 1725. He is consequently 155 years old. Shortly after his birth his father purchased a farm on the Mohawk River, not far from Fort Johnson, whither he removed.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

MORE LAWYERS.

The Supreme Court, now in session at Milledgeville, has licensed the following gentlemen to practice law in this State, viz:

County Court—Virgil S. Lusk, of Madison county; J. Cassius L. Gugger, Sidney V. Pickens, M. E. Lawrence, and James L. Gaines, of Buncombe; Wm. J. Alexander, of Wilkes; J. A. Gilmer, Jr., of Guilford; Frederick Nash, of Orange; F. D. Stockton, of Irredell; J. J. Evans, of Henderson; Augustus M. Flythe, of Hertford; and Stephen W. Isler, of Wayne.

Superior Court—James H. Johnson, of Haywood; L. S. Saunders, of Cherokee; and Jas. T. Seales, of Rockingham.

NEW POST OFFICES.

A new Post Office called Piney Creek, has been established in Alleghany county, in this State.

Also, one called Flag Branch, has been established in Union county, Wilson P. Gandy, appointed P. M.

Godey's Lady's Book, for September, is upon our table. All ladies who wish to know the fashions for the Fall—and we presume that includes the universal sex—had better send to Godey, \$3 or to us \$1, and get *The Times* and Godey for one year.

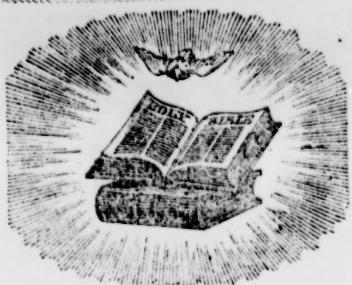
ANOTHER VALUABLE INVENTION.

Mr. G. Uley, of Chapel Hill, has just obtained a patent for a machine for trimming books, invented by himself. It is a simple and highly effective machine, which admits also of all the adjustments necessary to trim paper and books. The machine now in use will only trim one end of a book at the time, while the invention of Mr. Uley will trim both ends and the side at the same time, thus saving two thirds of the time and labor now required. Mr. U. informs us that his machine can be sold for less than half the cost of those now in use. It is certainly a valuable invention, and we have no doubt, will amply repay the inventor for his trouble and ingenuity. We learn that he has already been offered \$10,000 for the patent right, which he refused.—*Ral. Register*.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

Children's Department.



CATED BY WILLIAM D. BENTLEY.
THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE INDIAN CHILDREN.

I promised, dear children, a long while ago to write you something about the Indian children. I see these little children almost every week, and my heart yearns with pity towards them. Their mothers do not teach them to say, "Our Father who art in heaven," (I speak of the tribes with which I am acquainted, the Osages and Lenapeans). Neither do they lie down upon soft pillows, but upon the hard ground, with only a blanket or buffalo skin betwixt them and the earth. Sometimes they wallow upon the bare ground, disputing the right of possession with pigs and puppies. When they are quite small, their mothers sling them on to their backs, and the little fellows soon learn to lay hold of the mother's neck and cling fast while a blanket is drawn around them. Then they sit up there looking as contented as an opossum, and saucy as a groundhog.

As soon almost as they are large enough to sit alone, they are mounted upon a pack-horse and I have seen little fellows that did not look to be more than two or three years old, riding thus for miles, through whole days of travel.

But O, how sad to think that they will grow up in ignorance, without the true knowledge of God to guide them! Children, be thankful that you have Christian parents.

Here are several Osage words:

Mother—E'ni.

Brother—We-tun'-ka.

Sister—We-tsun'-ka.

Where are you going?—Ho-inkas'cha.

Where have you been?—Ho-ikwa'-lla.

Horse—Cah-wish'.

Salvation—Ho-wae'.

Perhaps at some future time I shall write you something more about them, and about the animals that roam over our large prairies.

—A Kansas Preacher.

THE KIND LITTLE GIRL.

A very poor man had a very good little girl. She had a fat, chubby, sweet face, and her cheeks looked like peaches when they are ripe. Her hair hung in ringlets all over her head, and some rich fathers would have made her look like a fairy with nice dresses and costly trinkets. But Lulu's father was quite poor, and her clothes were only decent; but she, sweet girl was kind and good, which is better than to be rich. Riches have spoiled a great many little girls, but Lulu had no chance to be spoiled in this way.

One day she saw a lame old man going by, wretchedly clad, with a pack on his back. Lulu thought he must be cold, or hungry, or need something to make him comfortable; so out she ran, without saying any thing to her mother, and soon overtook the stranger.

"Man!" said she, "my father always gives poor folks something to eat; won't you come back and get some bread?"

The old man turned about as if he was surprised. Perhaps he thought a bird of paradise had just dropped down there, and was singing. He was not used to such soft sweet voices as that; and then her message was so kind and good!

Lulu thought the old man did not understand her because he stood and gazed upon her in silence. So she again said:

"My father always gives poor folks something to eat; won't you come back with me, and get some bread?"

The old man smiled; he could not help it. If he had felt cross, he could not have kept down that smile. He turned about, and Lulu took his hand and led him back to the house. What do you think her mother thought when she saw her little daughter leading in that ragged stranger?

"Here, Mother," said Lulu, "is a poor lame man who is hungry; won't you give him some bread?"

Her mother looked pleased, and hastened to feed the stranger, while Lulu set him a chair close to the fire, and viewed him from head to foot, as if she thought he were a Lazarus, as poor and as good.

We need not tell you how long he stayed, nor what he said about Lulu when he went away. We are more concerned to know what our readers will think and say about this kind little girl. Was it not a beautiful spirit that caused her to think of the beggar's wants?—Ought not every boy and girl to be as thoughtful and kind? Remember the charming hymn:

"Little deeds of kindness,

Little words of love,

Make our earth an Eden,

Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,

Sown by youthful hands,

Grow to bless the nations

Far in distant lands."

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is stored in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly, and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, edited and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information invaluable to the mass of scholars, the professional artist, the manufacturer, and the farmer.

TO TELL THE TIME OF NIGHT BY THE MOON.

To the hour which the moon's shadow indicates on a sun-dial add four-fifths of the moon's age and the sum will be the time sought; or subtract the hour shown on the dial from four-fifths of the moon's age, and the remainder will be the time sought. The first mode is to be adopted if the moon's shadow falls on an hour in the forenoon and the latter if it fall on an hour of the afternoon. In reckoning the moon's age, if the new moon happens in the forenoon, that day must be taken as the first; but if it happened after noon, the following day must be counted as the first.

FRUITS—THEIR HEALTHFULNESS AS FOOD.

Dr. Kennicott says: "The free use of ripe fruits not only prevents disease, but their regulated enjoyment helps to remove that which already exists. All ripe fruits are more or less nutritious. Dr. F. Salter clearly demonstrated that the apple is superior to the potato in the principles that go to increase the muscle and the brain of man and in fattening properties it is nearly equal when cooked for swine or fed raw to other domestic animals.

TOMATOES FOR MILK COWS.

W. C. Earl, of Toledo, Ohio, states that he fed his tomatoes, green, ripe, and thawed out after freezing, last fall, with good results; "they not only caused her to give a good supply but a rich quality of milk." In his opinion there is no vegetable superior to the tomato for making milk.

NEW MATERIAL FOR SHOE NAILS.

Zinc nails are now extensively employed in the manufacture of boots and shoes, in place of wood or iron. It is said these nails are also substituted for sewing in ladies' slippers.

An iron last is employed, and the nails, on being driven in, strike the last and become headed or riveted on the inside, thus forming a very secure fastening.

A FACT FOR SWIMMERS.

It may not be generally known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever stings he may make, will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above water. A good swimmer can thus keep a man above water for an hour. If seized anywhere else, the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

LAGER BEER SCIENTIFICALLY DISPOSED OF.

It would appear from the following that the "lager" is not so harmless a tipple as has been supposed:

"Lager-beer," says the *Scientific American*, "on account of the long-continued fermentation, contains less nutritive matter and more alcohol than any other beer or ale. A comparison of about twenty chemical analyses of lager and other beers shows that in lager the alcohol is always in excess over the extract while in other beers the excess is in favor of the malt extract. In lager the malt extract does not reach five per cent., so that one would be obliged to drink two or three gallons in order to get from this villainous food such an amount as would be required if taken in a civilized way. Ale often contains a larger per centage of alcohol than lager, but the malt extract is still in excess unless the ale is very old. Certain witnesses testified and courts have decided that lager beer is not intoxicating; but, in view of the fact that a pint of lager beer contains as much alcohol as an ordinary glass of brandy, it might be suspected that those witnesses and courts had been indulging in lager just at the time they needed their sober judgment. Finally, it is claimed that lager is a pleasant bitter tonic, stomachic and dyspeptic, &c. But healthy men need no medicine, and a friend of ours, who prides himself on being an American, suggests that lager is too tonic."

PRESERVED PEARS.

Pears are preserved by paring and boiling whole in a little water until quite soft. Put one half a pint of water to a pound of sugar and put in a pound of fruit to every pound of sugar and boil for half an hour. Put the pears in a jar and when both are cold pour the syrup over them.

QUINCE MARMALADE.

Pare, core, boil soft, and mash the quinces put a pound of brown sugar to a pound of the quince and boil it for an hour, stirring it frequently. This may also be mixed with apple and make rich marmalade.

APPLE JELLY.

This may be made of skins and cores of apples, by boiling them and squeezing out the juice and adding one quarter of a pound of loaf sugar to each pint of juice, boil it a few moments and strain through a gauze sieve.

Another method is to boil in a large boiler a peck of good apples. When perfectly soft mash them well and add one half a pound of brown clarified sugar to every pound of the juice strained out of the mashed apples, and boil fifteen minutes and strain through a fine sieve.

Be careful of small things.

Salad for the Solitary.

With beechwood, Juniper timber; the one gives the greatest shade, the other yields the deepest heat; and both growing name *Sienna overture*.

A BAD CHARACTER.

We always were aware of the importance of preserving a good reputation for truth and honesty, but we have met with nothing lately, so well calculated to impress the disadvantages of having a bad character upon the mind, as the following anecdote:

A mortal fever prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man appointed to throw the bodies of those who died from time to time, overboard. One day, when the Captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the forecastle a sick man who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive.

"What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain.

"Going to throw him overboard massa, cause he dead."

"Dead you secunded, said the captain. don't you see he moves and speaks?"

"Yes, massa, I know he says he no dead, but he always lie so, nobody never knew when to believe him."

The following notice appears on the West end of a country meeting house. "Anybody striking bill at this church will be prosecuted according to law or any other means."

The Globe says that "such patriotism as Mr. Clay's will not answer. True enough, for it can't be貫ed."

The Washington correspondent of the *Advertiser* says Col. A. L. D. is every feature of the face is "democratic." This is hardly true. "The Colonel, we understand has a regard for it, it has assumed the purple."

The Spirit of the Age is a *Franklin Paper*, founded specially adapted to the family circle. It is well written, well informed, but by no means a political paper, and is intended for the education of the young. The publishers would earnestly advise the families of North Carolina to give this paper a trial, and the writer would assure them that it is a safe and reliable paper.

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